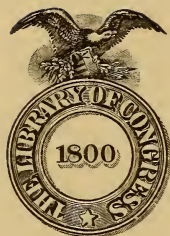


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PREFACE.

THESE letters from Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona and Old Mexico were written for publication in the *Daily Champion*, of Atchison, Kansas. They do not tell all there is to tell about the Great Southwest, but so far as they go they are accurate; and their style, or lack of style, will perhaps be quite as agreeable to the average reader as something more pretentious.

N. L. P.

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SOUTH-WESTERN LETTERS. ³⁶⁸

By
NOBLE L. PRENTIS.

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SOUTHWESTERN LETTERS.

IN WHICH WE START.

GOING from Atchison to Topeka, your correspondent had as a traveling companion an old acquaintance, who had just passed through the experience of Americans who can afford it, of "hunting a climate." After living in Kansas for many years, he had become possessed with an idea that he would improve his atmosphere, and had gone to what many people suppose that earthly paradise, Southern California. Greatly to his surprise, the tropical clime, "the land of the orange and palm," the myrtle and the rest of the botanical resources you will find described in Moore's poetry, turned up, so to speak, with a two-hours' snow storm, and the human race in that part of the country was threatened with extinction by freezing. This meteorological surprise party was followed by raw and cloudy skies and hyperborean treatment generally, until our Kansas friend was fain to return to his former habitation. But not being ready to settle down, he took a supplementary journey to Central Iowa, from whence he was returning when this narrative begins. In Iowa he had been greeted with the rawest and "soakingest" of rains, sulky clouds, and that terror of the Kansas soul, mud. He was an elderly man, and not much given to demonstrativeness, but it was as good as a play to hear his heartfelt ejaculation as he looked out of the car window: "Well, this *is* good." It was a perfect spring day in Kansas; and all the world "lying and being situate" between Atchison and Topeka looked as if God had made it the day before. So we ran along the level to Parnell, and climbed the long slope to Nortonville, and looked out at the

lovely country stretching away for miles around that little town, all bathed in the sunshine, and then went clattering down the divide into the valley of the Delaware, (as the sensitive people of those parts call it, though Grasshopper will always be good enough for me,) and looked over the springing wheat fields, brighter than emerald, and then took the long ascent where the railroad crosses the sharp divide at Rock Creek station, and then we rushed through the cuts to Meriden, and then down again, all the way down, for ten miles, until the train dashes out of the woods into the wide valley of the Kaw, and the roofs and spires of Topeka rise in the near distance. And the sun shone all the way, and our traveled friend talked all the fifty miles about the State, and said every field of wheat looked bright, from Atchison to Dodge City, and that he would not give Kansas for a seat astride of the equator; and "all the justices concurred."

There seems to be no doubt that, according to usage, precedent and the fitness of things, a State capital ought to be a sleepy, shady town, with brick sidewalks, and with no excitement save the annual or biennial meeting of the Legislature, when it ought to be all torn up and flustered, like an old woman with the chimney on fire. But Topeka is undeniably experiencing a genuine boom. A great multitude of new houses are being built, and real estate is ballooning. A weedy, unkempt farm, just outside the city, which a few years ago the owner seemed to think was unworthy of cultivation, is now valued at one thousand dollars an acre. The citizens who formerly lived and transacted their affairs, including weather predictions and the political management of the State and Nation, on the sunny side of Kansas avenue, have become capitalists; try to look as if they lived in Boston; are interested in the Colorado mines, the water works, or the electric light; are accused of being financially implicated in morning newspapers; and have each erected a residence in one of the many styles prevalent, from that of the Babylonish captivity to the death of Queen Elizabeth. Public improvements are going on; the street cars, long needed, are running; water pipes are being laid down on the street; the excavation for the main building of the capitol has begun, and the capitol square is

again in the state of chronic disorder which has characterized it ever since it had an existence; a huge pile of rough rock indicates the site of the public library building in the square; and stranger than all, a close observer can see that day by day there is a change in the massive outlines of the United States building on the avenue. Whatever report you may hear to the contrary, they are at work upon it.

The question must arise, alike in the minds of the resident and the stranger, why should this city, with no wholesale business to speak of; until recently, very little private wealth; no manufactures; situated in the midst of a farming country which is, to say the least, no richer or more populous than that which surrounds every other Kansas town twenty-five years old, grow as this city has done within the last three years, until there is little doubt that it is the first city in population in the State? Some may say that it is the location here of the seat of government for the State, and several State institutions, but that fact has never made a flourishing city elsewhere. As a rule, it would be hard to find a duller lot of towns than the capitals of the various States of the Union. The sale of hash to a Legislature is at best a fleeting resource; while State institutions, as a rule, purchase their supplies by contract at commercial centers, and do little for the sleepy burghs in which they are located. In the case of Topeka there is but one answer to the problem of prosperity—the establishment here of the headquarters of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad Company.

It is very curious to look back as I can, twelve years, and note the railroad situation here. The great road then was the Kansas Pacific. It ran, to be sure, on the wrong side of the river, but it began and ended somewhere, and was the only thoroughfare to the East and the West. The K. P. was a big thing then. It did nothing, however, for the town, except that the National Land Company, a sort of wheel within a wheel, a private association which sold Kansas Pacific lands, had its headquarters here, attracting a good many land buyers, and advertising the "far West," which was then located in the vicinity of Salina. But the National Land Company went up; I do not know what became of

its constituent members. One of them, Dr. Webb, gave the world a Kansas book, "Buffalo Land," but I have not seen either author or book in a long time. In those days when the "K. P." was booming, the Santa Fé was a miserable little road, beginning, as I knew it first, at Topeka, and ending at Burlingame, a town which was encouraged by its railroad prospects to issue bonds for a woolen mill, which has never yet robbed a flock of its fleece. There was one little old engine, and the "machine shop" consisted mostly of an anvil. The depot, however, was quite as commodious as that of the Kansas Pacific, which really had use for one, which was doubtful in the case of the Santa Fé. The financial management of the road required little attention. The road finally reached the Osage county coal fields, and I have heard Mr. Sargent, then general freight agent, say that in the early days, by stepping to the door of his residence and counting the cars brought in by the solitary daily coal train, he could tell the exact receipts of the corporation. This was the situation in 1870.

Yesterday I visited, for the first time, the Santa Fé shops, located here. I found the old bridge shops, originally built by the extinct King Bridge Company, a humbug that made a living for awhile by securing municipal bonds, building cheap shops, and then moving away, or neglecting to make any bridges, had been completely transformed. The old shops, considered extensive when built, served only as a sort of a core for the new shops, which stretched away on all sides. I walked all through the shops. They were crowded with men and machinery; every contrivance by which wood can be cut, split, sawed, mortised or carved; or iron hammered, cut, welded, bored, filed, or punched, seemed to be at work. Engines are brought from Colorado and New Mexico for repairs. I saw the famous "Uncle Dick" on the stocks. This enormous locomotive was built for freight work on the mountain grades. Her boiler looked as large as that of an old-fashioned, high-pressure Mississippi river steamboat. When first sent West, "Uncle Dick" excited great curiosity, but fourteen such monster engines are now at work on the road. The one engine, the "C. K. Holliday," which I knew, had

grown to hundreds. I saw No. 315 in the round-house, and I was glad to see a fine new engine, the first built in the shops here, or in Kansas, bearing the old name, "C. K. Holliday," thus preserving the fame of the gallant Kansas pioneer, who, with some of our own Atchison citizens, conceived the idea of this great road, and having "kept the faith," and, we are happy to add, his stock, has been rewarded after many days.

The great fact, however, in connection with this road is, that every morning seven hundred men take their places in the shops or in the yards. Seven hundred men is a strong regiment of infantry, yet that is the force employed in the work of the shops alone. All these men live in Topeka, are paid their money and spend it in Topeka. All that portion of the city east of Kansas avenue, known in the old time as "the bottom," and ten years ago covered by the shanties of the colored people, or lying in open, weedy commons, is now covered with the homes of these workmen. Each little 25-foot-front lot has its one-story frame house, with more ambitious structures here and there. More than this, a new town, called Parkdale, has been built on the east side of the Shunganunga, inhabited, I should judge, almost exclusively by workmen. Each of these men who builds a house gives a pledge that he will become a permanent resident, and as the discipline in the shops at least is very strict, his permanency depends on his being a steady workman.

Beside the shop hands, an immense number of track-men and laborers are employed in the acres on acres of tracks and yards, which are constantly being extended.

I was shown a fine passenger coach and a directors' car of superior finish, entirely constructed at the works in Topeka, and this gives promise of a time when all the cars and coaches of the road shall be built here, giving employment to hundreds of hands in addition to those now employed.

I have spoken of one division of the Santa Fé army stationed at Topeka, but there is another. One cannot stop at a Topeka hotel without noticing the large number of young men at the table. These are, almost to a man, employés of the road — clerks and the like. Their occupation requires a certain standard of in-

telligence and appearance, and the "grinding monopoly" business has this advantage, that it tolerates no foolishness. The wild young masher finds no bowels of compassion in a corporation, and conducts himself, in spiritualistic language, "in harmony with the conditions."

The influence of a great corporation like this in a town like Topeka is of course very great. There is more or less "Santa Fé" in about everything here. It is unavoidable, and I do not know that it is undesirable. At the shops is a whistle, which must be a near relative of a fog horn. Its hoarse blast can be heard all over Topeka. It is intended to call the workmen, but when it blows, all Topeka gets up. All the clocks in town are set by that whistle. This is emblematic of the part that the "Santa Fé" plays in Topeka affairs.

I have watched the growth of Topeka and of the Santa Fé for a good many years, and it seems to be a good example of sensible reciprocity. The city behaved liberally in the first place, and has been treated well in return. A pay-roll of \$100,000 a month is a very comfortable thing to have about a town. The executive officers of the road live in Topeka; many of them have lived here for years, and have established permanent and beautiful homes here, and it is but just to say that they have aided every worthy public enterprise, and have heartily cooperated with the older citizens in the building-up of the city.

I have mentioned these facts with a good deal of pleasure. I think every Kansan must feel gratification in the thought that the Capital of his State is not a dog-fennel haunted village, and it is but just that the reason of the Capital city's prosperity should be acknowledged. For my part, I can see no reason why what has happened in Topeka might not happen elsewhere. The spectacle of a great corporation building up a town is rather more agreeable than that of a corporation constantly making demands of a community, under implied threats, and in return for substantial benefits conferred indulging only in vague and general promises. I do not believe any corporation or individual ever achieved any permanent success by acting the hog, while the case of Topeka shows that both a town and a corporation may become great gainers by a liberal and generous policy.

A DAY WITH THE MENNONITES.

THERE has always been something very interesting to me in the coming of different peoples to Kansas, and the blending of all of them into a community of interest and language. In my newspaper travels I have interviewed a half-dozen varieties of "colonists," among them the Hungarians, of Rawlins county, and the colored folks of Nicodemus, who came to Kansas from the distant and foreign shores of Kentucky.

By far the most extensive and notable emigration in the history of Kansas was that of the so-called "Russians," which began substantially in 1874, and which has resulted in the settlement of fifteen thousand Mennonites in the counties of Marion, Harvey, McPherson, Butler, Reno and Barton, besides the Catholic German-Russians, who have some settlements in Ellis county, on the line of the Kansas Pacific, and whose mud village of Herzog I visited in 1878.

The rallying point of the Russian emigrants in 1874 and 1875 was Topeka, and that town abounded with sheepskin coats, ample breeches, bulbous petticoats, iron teakettles, and other objects supposed to be distinctively Russian, for many months. There was considerable competition between the two great land-grant roads—the Kansas Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé—to secure these people as settlers. With its usual good luck, the Santa Fé captured both the larger and the better class, the Mennonites.

The Catholic Russians were from a remote part of Russia, the government of Saratov, and were the most foreign in their appearance. The men and boys had a custom of gathering on the street at night, near their quarters, and singing in concert. The music was of a peculiarly plaintive character, suggesting the wide, lonely steppes from whence they came. As I have said, they went out on the Kansas Pacific, where they seem to have pretty much dis-

appeared from public view. In 1878, at Herzog, they had made very little progress.

The Mennonites seemed more at home in this country; and securing excellent lands from the Santa Fé company, soon disappeared from Topeka. In the summer of 1875, in company with Mr. C. B. Schmidt, then, as now, the Emigration Agent of the A. T. & S. F., who had been largely instrumental in settling them in Kansas, I visited a portion of the colonists, living in the villages of New Alexanderwohl, Hoffnungsthal and Gnadenau, in Harvey and Marion counties. The observations made on the occasion of that visit were embodied in an article in the *Topeka Commonwealth*, entitled "The Mennonites at Home." From that visit until yesterday, I had never seen the Mennonites, though I have often felt a great curiosity to observe for myself how they had succeeded.

In 1875 the Mennonites were still a strange people. They retained the little green flaring wagons they had brought from Russia, and were attempting to live here under the same rule they followed in Russia. The village of Gnadenau was the most pretentious of their villages. It was a long row of houses, mostly built of sod and thatched with long prairie grass. A few of the wealthier citizens had built frame houses, furnished with the brick ovens of Russian origin, which warm the family and cook its food for all day with two armfuls of loose straw.

The land belonging in severalty to the villagers, lay around the settlement, some of it at a considerable distance, while near at hand was a large common field, or rather garden, which was principally devoted to watermelons, which seemed the principal article on the Mennonite bill of fare.

The site of the villages seemed selected with care, each standing on such slight ridges and elevations as the prairie afforded. It was summer in Kansas, and of course the scene was naturally beautiful, but the scattered or collected Mennonite houses, with their bare walls of sods or boards, amid patches of broken prairie, did not at all add to the charm of the scene. The people were like their houses, useful but ugly. They had not yet got over the effect of their long ocean voyage or their life in the huddled emi-

grant quarters at Topeka, where they acquired a reputation for uncleanness which they were far from deserving. Still there was an appearance of resolution and patience about them, taken with the fact that all, men, women, and children, were at work, that argued well for the future. It was easy, if possessed of the slightest amount of imagination, to see these rude habitations transformed in time to the substantial brick houses, surrounded by orchards such as the people had owned when they lived on the banks of the Molotchna in far Russia. Of course, it was reasoned, they would remain villagers; they would cling to the customs they brought from Russia, and remain for generations a peculiar people. They would be industrious; they would acquire wealth; but they would remain destitute of any sense of beauty, rather sordid, unsocial, and to that extent undesirable settlers.

Hardly seven years have passed, and on Friday last, for the first time, the writer was enabled to carry into effect a long-cherished purpose to return and take another look at the Mennonites. It was intended to start from Newton in the morning, but a day fair as ever dawned in Eden was followed by a night of thunder, lightning and rain, the rain continuing to fall all the following forenoon, with a chill wind from the north; but at noon one of those "transformation scenes" common in Kansas occurred. The sky began to clear, with a great band of blue in the north and west; the wind blew free, and by 2 o'clock we drove out over roads that you could almost walk in barefooted without soiling your feet. We were fortunate in our guide, Mr. Muntefering, of Newton, who had hunted all over the country, and had traversed it often transacting business on behalf of the railroad company with the Mennonites. The wheat waved a varying shade of green, shifting in its lines like sea water; the prairie chickens rose on whirring wing before the old hunting dog, who ran before the carriage; flocks of long-billed plover looked out of the grass; and the meadow lark rehearsed a few notes of his never-finished song.

A great change had taken place in the country generally since my last visit. The then raw prairie was now, barring the fences, very like Illinois. At last, after driving about ten miles, Mr. Mun-

tefering announced the first Mennonite habitation, in what seemed the edge of a young forest, and I then learned what I had never before heard, or else had forgotten, that the Mennonites had abandoned the village system, and now lived "each man to himself." They tried the villages three years, but some confusion arose in regard to paying taxes, and beside, it is in the air, this desire for absolute personal and family independence; and so they went on their lands, keeping, however, as close together as the lay of the country would admit. Sometimes there are four houses to the quarter-section; sometimes four to the section. The grand divisions of New Alexanderwohl, Hoffnungsthal and Gnadenau still exist, but each group of farms has a name of its own, revealing a poetical tendency somewhere, as Greenfield, Flower Field, Field of Grace, Emma Vale, Vale of Hope, and so on. These are the German names freely translated. The old sod houses (we believe the Mennonites never resorted to the dug-out) had given way to frame houses, sometimes painted white, with wooden window shutters. The houses had no porches or other architectural adornments, and were uniform in appearance. I learned afterward that the houses were built by contract, one builder at Halstead erecting sixty-five houses in one neighborhood.

The most surprising thing about these places is the growth of the trees. I left bare prairie; I returned to find a score of miniature forests in sight from any point of view. The wheat and corn fields were unfenced, of course, but several acres around every house were set in hedges, orchards, lanes and alleys of trees — trees in lines, trees in groups, and trees all alone. In many cases the houses were hardly visible from the road, and in a few years will be entirely hidden in the cool shade. Where the houses were only a few hundred yards apart, as was frequently the case, a path ran from one to the other, between two lines of poplars or cottonwoods. A very common shrub was imported from Russia and called the wild olive, the flowers being very fragrant; but the all-prevailing growth was the mulberry, another Russian idea, which is used as a hedge, a fruit tree, for fuel, and as food for the silk worm.

We wished to see a few specimen Mennonites and their homes, and called first on Jacob Schmidt, who showed us the silk worms feeding in his best room. On tables and platforms a layer of mulberry twigs had been laid, and these were covered with thousands of worms, resembling the maple worm. As fast as the leaves are eaten, fresh twigs are added. As the worms grow, more room is provided for them, and they finally eat mulberry brush by the wagon-load. Mr. Schmidt said the floor of his garret would soon be covered. It seemed strange that the gorgeous robes of beauty should begin with this blind, crawling green worm, gnawing ravenously at a leaf.

We went next to the house of Peter Schmidt. Had I been an artist I should have sketched Peter Schmidt, of Emmathal, as the typical prosperous Mennonite. He was a big man, on the shady side of forty. His face, round as the moon, was sunburned to a walnut brown. He was very wide fore and aft; he wore a vest that buttoned to his throat, a sort of brown blouse, and a pair of very roomy and very short breeches, while his bare feet were thrust into a sort of sandals very popular with the Mennonites. The notable feature of Peter's face was a very small mouth, which was slightly spread at times with a little smile, showing his white teeth, and quite out of proportion to his immense countenance. Peter knew scarcely any English, but conversed readily through Mr. Muntefering. He showed with pride his mulberry hedges. The plants are set out in three rows, which are cut down alternately. Peter had already cut down one row, and had a great pile of brush for firewood. The Mennonites relied at first on straw, and a mixture of straw and barnyard manure, which was dried and used for fuel, but now the wood is increasing on their lands. They have seldom or never indulged in the extravagance of coal. Another source of pride was the apricots. The seed was brought from Russia, and the trees bore plentifully last year, and the Mennonites, taking them to Newton as a lunch, were agreeably surprised by an offer of \$3 a bushel for them. Peter Schmidt showed all his arboreal treasures — apples, cherries, peaches, apricots, pears, all in bearing, where seven years ago the wind in passing found only the waving prairie grass. No won-

der Peter Schmidt, of Emmathal, waxed fat and smiled. He started on the prairie with \$800; he now has a farm worth \$4,000. We went into the house, of course; the door of every Mennonite is open, and the proprietor showed us his silk worms and his possessions generally. He exhibited his Russian oven, built in the partition walls so as to warm two or three rooms, and to which is attached also a sort of brick range for cooking purposes. This device cannot be explained without a diagram. It is perfectly efficient, and the smoke at last goes into a wide chimney which is used as the family smoke-house. A happy man was Peter Schmidt, and well satisfied with his adopted country, for when I managed to mix enough German and English together to ask him how he liked America as compared with Russia, he answered in a deep voice, and with his little smile: "Besser." With a hearty good-bye to Peter Schmidt of Emmathal, we pursued our journey, passing many houses, hedges and orchards, and finally came to the home of Heinrich Richert, of Blumenfeld, or Flower Field.

This place was of the more modern type. The house was a plain frame, of the American pattern, but the stable had a roof of thatch, on which the doves clung and cooed, as you see them in pictures. Not far away on either hand were two other houses, to which shaded alleys led. In one of them lived the oldest married daughter of the family. Leading up to the front door the path was lined with hedges of mulberry, trimmed very low, and flat on top, as box hedges are trimmed; and there was also a large flower bed of intricate pattern, the property of the Misses Richert.

When Mr. Richert came in from the fields, his bright eye, his square jaw, and the way he stood on his legs, showed that he was accustomed to authority. He had, in fact, been a schoolmaster in Russia, and in America occasionally exercises his gifts as a preacher. In the sitting-room, which had no carpet, but a pine floor which fairly shone, was a book case set in the wall and filled with books, which usually are not very common in Mennonite houses. They were all sober-colored volumes, commentaries on the Scriptures, and works on horse doctoring. Madame Richert,

a very pleasant woman, with, it may be remarked, a very pretty and small hand, gave the history of the older books, which were brought from Prussia, where her husband was born, but she herself was born in Southern Russia, as were the thirteen young Richerts.

It was decided to accept the hospitality of these good people, and the mother and daughters got supper—and such a supper! such bread and butter and preserves; and everything, nearly, on the bill of fare was the product of this six-year-old farm. At table the conversation turned on the mode of living in Russia. From Mr. Richert's description the Mennonites lived much better than most working people in Europe. They had Brazilian coffee which came by way of Hamburg, and tea which came overland from China; then they had fish, both fresh-water fish and fish from the Sea of Azof. He said the mode of serving food had been changed somewhat since the Mennonites had migrated to this country.

After supper, Mr. Richert, his son, and the visitors, had a long talk about Russia. The treatment accorded the Mennonites by the Russian government, up to 1871, was all that could be desired. The agreements made in the days of the Empress Catherine, what Mr. Richert called the "privilegium," were faithfully kept. The Mennonites did not own the lands, but leased them on the condition of cultivating them; the improvements were their own. The Mennonites had, in fact, very little to do with the Imperial government; each of the fifty villages had its burgomaster, and a chief burgomaster was elected by the people. The Government transacted its business with the Mennonites through a council consisting of three Russian officials, and these performed their duty honestly—a rare thing in Russia. The Mennonites were industrious, peaceable and loyal; a Mennonite was the richest man in the Crimea, and one of the wealthiest in Russia. Everything went well until the Government, in 1871, announced its intention of enforcing a universal conscription. Against this the Mennonites protested. Ten years was given them to yield or leave. Thousands left. In 1881 the Government revoked the "privilegium," compelled the remaining Men-

nonites to take lands in severalty, and began to introduce the Russian language into the Mennonite schools. Russia's loss is our gain.

At breakfast the conversation turned on the wonderful success of the Mennonites with all kinds of trees, quite excelling anything known by Americans, with all their low-spirited horticultural societies. Herr Richert remarked that one thing that helped the trees was "plowing the dew under." This is one of the secrets of Mennonite success—they "plow the dew under" in the morning, and do not stop plowing till the dew falls at evening.

The history of Herr Richert was that of all the Mennonites we talked with. He had come to this country with \$1,000; at the end of the second year he was \$1,300 in debt, but had lifted the load and was now the possessor of a fine farm. The Mennonites, we may say, bought their lands in alternate sections of the railroad company, and in most cases bought the intervening sections of individual owners. They have been prompt pay. Many of the Mennonites were very poor. To provide these with land, a large sum was borrowed from wealthy Mennonites in the East. The beneficiaries are now prosperous, and the money has been faithfully repaid. Besides this, a mission has been maintained in the Indian Territory, and a considerable sum has been recently forwarded to aid destitute brethren in Russia.

To continue our journey: our next stop was to call on a settler who wore a beard, a Cossack cap, and looked the Russian more than any other man we met. He took us into a room to show us some Tartar lamb-skin coats, which was a perfect copy of a room in Russia; with its sanded floor, its wooden settees painted red and green, its huge carved chest studded with great brass-headed bolts, and its brass lock-plate, all scoured to perfect brightness. In a little cupboard was a shining store of brass and silver table ware. It was like a visit to Molotchna.

At the humble dwelling of Johann Krause we witnessed the process of reeling raw silk. The work was done by Mrs. Krause, on a rude twister and reel of home construction. The cocoons were placed in a trough of boiling water, and the woman, with

great dexterity, caught up the threads of light cocoons, twisting them into two threads and running these on the reel. The work required infinite patience, of which few Americans are possessed. The Mennonites carried on the silk-raising business in Russia with great success, and bid fair to make it a great interest here.

After leaving Johann Krause, we made few more halts, but drove for miles with many Mennonite houses in sight, and the most promising orchards and immense fields of the greenest wheat. I have never seen elsewhere such a picture of agricultural prosperity.

If anyone has not yet made up his mind as to the possibilities of Kansas agriculture, I recommend a visit to the Mennonite settlements. It is not difficult of accomplishment, as the points I visited in Harvey, McPherson and Marion counties can be reached by a few miles drive from Newton or Halstead, on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, or from Canton, Hillsboro and other stations on the Marion & McPherson branch.

It is a matter, I regret to say, of uncertainty whether the work begun by these Mennonite settlers will be completed. If the sons and grandsons of Peter Schmidt of Emmathal and Heinrich Richert of Blumenfeld will walk in the ways of these worthy men, the result will be something like fairy-land—the fairies being, however, substantial men, weighing about 185 pounds each. The orchards will bud and bloom, and amid them will stand the solid brick houses, like those of Russia, and the richest farmers of Kansas will dwell therein. But there is a danger that this will not come to pass. Jacob and David will go to work on the railroad, and let the plow take care of itself; and Susanna and Aganetha will go out to service in the towns, and fall to wearing fine clothes and marrying American Gentiles; and the evil day may come when the descendant of the Mennonites of the old stock will be cushioning store-boxes, saving the Nation with his mouth, or even going about like a roaring lion seeking a nomination for Congress. I wish I could believe it otherwise. I wish our atmosphere did not make us all so smart that we cannot enjoy good health. Were it not for that accursed vanity and restlessness which is our heritage, I could indulge in a vision of the

future—of a peaceful, quiet, wealthy people, undisturbed by the throes of speculation or politics, dwelling in great content under the vines and mulberry trees which their fathers planted in the grassy, wind-swept wilderness.

ODDS AND ENDS OF KANSAS.

A GENTLEMAN who had traveled in Egypt once told me that, so rank is the vegetation in that country, a picketed camel grazing in a circle cannot keep up with the growth of the grass; that is to say, when he returns to the point in the circle where he began, he finds the grass higher than he found it at first. I find that something of the kind occurs in this country. The traveler or correspondent who fails to visit a portion of Kansas for two or three years discovers that the country has outgrown him. In the four years that have elapsed since I visited the southwest, although I have read the local papers every day since, I have not kept in my mind a clear conception of the march of progress. For instance, there is a new system of railroads and a whole batch of new railroad towns. Beginning at Emporia, there was no "Howard Branch;" only an unfinished road which was expected to end at Eureka; no Marion & McPherson Branch turned off at Florence; the Wichita Branch ended at that place, and Winfield and Arkansas City were railroad towns only in expectancy. Caldwell, now one of the famous towns in the State, I knew as a remote hamlet, its recollection preserved only by a story that an unfortunate stranger wearing a silk hat, venturing into its precincts, had been murdered by a ruffian who, saying he would knock the hat off, shot the poor fellow through the head.

At Wichita I found everybody talking of the "Frisco" road as if it had always been in existence, yet my last recollection of it was as a bob-tailed affair, as far as Kansas was concerned, running from Oswego to Columbus, and so east. Now, passengers from St. Louis pass through Fredonia, Neodesha, and so on, to Wichita; then up the Santa Fé Branch to Sedgwick City; then by a recently constructed cut-off to Halstead, and then by the Atchison main line to the Pacific.

The Atchison road itself, of which the roads mentioned are all branches or connections, has in these four years entered the field as an actual Pacific railroad, competing for the trans-continental business, and has been "armed and equipped," running enormous passenger trains; and in the Marion & McPherson Branch possessing what amounts to a double track for a long distance. A complete line of fine eating stations has been put in operation, the Superintendent of Kitchens being Mr. Phillips, formerly of the Sherman House, Chicago, where his salary was \$2,500 a year. Beginning at Atchison, the eating stations are Topeka, Florence, Coolidge, La Junta, Raton, Las Vegas, Wallace, Hot Springs, Deming and Lamy. To these will be added, in a day or two, Newton, with a fine railroad hotel. This will divide the business with Florence, now the most important of the stations, as two branches, the Marion & McPherson and the old Eldorado Branch, there connect with the main line. We were accustomed to speak, years ago, of Kansas as "gridironed with railroads," but a multiplicity of new bars have been added within the last two years, not to speak of four.

The most unchangeable-looking country so far familiar to me on what may be termed the old Santa Fé, is that between Topeka and Emporia. The scenery consists, as aforetime, of coal shafts and wood-built mining towns, and side-tracks full of coal cars; and yet Kansas cannot be made to look anywhere like a genuine mining country. There are no sooty hills, and the sky is too vast for pollution by smoke. Kansas will never look like Pennsylvania, nor ever possess a Pittsburg. It is one of her many good points to be the tenth coal-producing State of the Union, without being begrimed. In the Osage coal country, pick and plow do not seem to work well together, but great herds of cattle are grazing a few feet above the coal beds; and I saw in Cherokee county once a fine wheat field, white for the harvest, and the miners were digging the coal from under it.

Passing Emporia, the gradual agricultural transformation of the Cottonwood valley is seen; but the first remarkable change in the surface of the earth is at what was once called Cottonwood Falls station, now Strong City. The quarries here, from whence

came the stone for the great bridge at Atchison, have been developed enormously, and a smart little town has grown up around them. Coal, cattle, wheat and stone form a striking combination of products along one line of railroad.

At Newton, as one sees it now, it is hard for a stranger to believe that a place named in honor of a staid and godly Massachusetts village presented, for the first season of its existence, the "fittest earthly type of hell." I saw it once during that summer, sweltering in its sinful ugliness in the noonday sun, a festering ulcer on the face of earth. One street—the present Main street—was lined with an irregular array of hastily-constructed shanties—gambling-rooms, drink-mills and the like—while, as if scorned even by these places, in a suburb stood the dance houses, long, low, unpainted, and excelled in hideousness only by the wretched, bloated, painted, bleary-eyed women who dwelt there, and the bow-legged, low-browed, Indian-like cow boys who consorted with them. These creatures finally seemed to grow wild, and went to killing each other. According to tradition, eight corpses were the result of one night's fusillade. These events had at that time a graphic local historian. He combined the functions of a man of letters and a musician in a dance house. It was literally a case of "all that he saw, and part of which he was." What fate induced or seduced a man of his intelligence to herd with the scum of the earth, and form part of it, I never knew; nor do I know what finally became of the writer who selected for himself, amid such surroundings, the pretty *nom de plume* of "Allegro." Newton's wild infancy was not only described in prose, but our own Theodore F. Price wrote some wonderful, weird verses on the subject—a narrative poem called "Newton, a Tale of the Southwest." By the way, the *Champion*, which keeps the record of all the Kansas bards, and has often mentioned Theodore, can add another paragraph to his story. The "minstrel boy" has gone, not to the war, but to far Vancouver. It seems to be a cold day for poetry in Kansas.

The case of Newton and a dozen other towns in Kansas illustrates the final triumph of goodness, or at least respectability. Newton is now a fine, growing town, with the usual Kansas com-

plement of newspapers, school houses, churches, brick blocks, and banks enough to hold all the money of all the editors in Kansas, beside a really luxurious and æsthetic jail. White cottages and gardens now cover and obliterate the old, hard, sun-baked cattle trail. And so it is that while nobody ever heard of a decent town becoming a nest of land pirates, gamblers and ruffians, with the poor women who live with such, Newton, Abilene and many more have risen above such beginnings. A very old book, which possibly I do not quote with accuracy, says that the name or memory of the wicked shall rot; and it is even so. The evil is transient; it is hunted and fleeting. Go to Abilene or Newton now, and you may have pointed out to you, half hidden by other buildings, a battered, wretched wreck of a house, the old "Alamo," or "Gold Room," or some place worse, its recollection kept alive by some dark and evil deed; but even these wretched monuments of shame soon disappear. Even the graves of those who died in the fierce brawls of the old time are lost. Their dust does not repose in the "God's acre" of the modern town. It has been often noted that the dangerous classes in large cities huddle together in dark places, in narrow streets and lanes and courts, but in time a great street or boulevard is driven through the doleful place; the sunlight is let in, and the miserable flit elsewhere. And so it is, even in Kansas. As the viewless air and the turbid river purify themselves, so does the moral atmosphere.

At Wichita, on Sunday, I saw more corroboration of the theory here advocated. Wichita had its turbulent period, but it seems to me that the town grows wider and roomier, and prettier and finer, every time I revisit it. A photograph taken a few years ago hangs in a gallery showcase. In the picture every house on the town site stands up in bare distinction, "all by itself." To-day, at the distance of a mile from town, hardly anything can be seen save a few high roofs, and the church spires above the billowy green. There is one street, Lawrence avenue I believe they call it, which seemed to me as fine in its way as Euclid avenue in Cleveland. Going to the Methodist church, I found that new sanctuary a trifle too gorgeous, if there was any fault. I

doubt if Bishop Asbury would have liked it. He might have thought the I. H. S. in the stained glass windows a "relic of Popery." But Bishop Asbury has been dead a long time, and ecclesiastical ornamentation is better than "Rowdy Joe" and "Red," subjects once more prominent in Wichita life and conversation than church architecture. And, besides, the preacher in his prayer gave thanks for the creditable manner in which the pupils of the public schools had acquitted themselves at the "exhibition," which seemed a sensible idea, and smacking of Kansas withal.

Notice has often been made of the interest taken in Kansas by men and peoples of every variety. At Wichita I learned that the slant-eyed and much-whooped-about Mongolian had joined the polyglot crowd who are engaged in the making of Kansas. The books of the register of deeds for the county of Sedgwick show that two eminent Celestials, Chin Lan Pin and Yung Wing, have thousands of dollars loaned on real estate in the county, and that they stand to quite a number of American citizens in the interesting relation sustained by a mortgagee. The "Chinee" may be a heathen, but his head is spherical when it comes to putting his money where it will do the most good.

A LETTER ON AGRICULTURE.

THE writer of this has long been of the opinion that the extent and variety of his ignorance on the subject of farming well-nigh qualify him for the editorship of an agricultural journal, but has so far resisted the temptation which his misinformation presented, to write on the tillage of the soil, except so far as his position as a Kansas journalist has obliged him to take part in the everlasting "rain-belt" controversy, without which no Kansas newspaper file is complete. But the hour has come, and your correspondent proposes to enter the lists as writer on the first of human occupations, promising, meanwhile, to allay the possible fears of the readers of the *Champion*, that this is his last appearance in that capacity.

In a former letter, the agricultural and horticultural experience of the Mennonites in Marion, McPherson and Harvey counties has been mentioned. It did not require an acquaintance with the reports of the Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for the past ten years, more or less, to know that the Mennonites had absolutely succeeded. Nearly everything in Kansas is going to succeed sometime. It is next spring that property is going to be higher. "*Ad astra per aspera*—after awhile," should be the motto of our State. The Mennonites, however, have already "made it." Having been an agricultural writer but a few minutes, I do not know what the best and most learned authorities consider a successful farmer in this western country, but I should call that farmer a success who gets out of his land a comfortable shelter, plenty to eat, respectable clothing for all hands, pleasant surroundings, as far as trees and flowers can make such, means to give his children a sensible education, and a surplus of money sufficient to buy books and newspapers enough to prevent his household from relapsing into ignorance; and who, above all, is out of debt. I do not look upon farming

as primarily a money-making business, farther than I have indicated. In this view of the case, the Mennonites have succeeded. They have in possession nearly all I have indicated, and could have the rest if they wished. They live in a good country, but no better than is to be found all over the eastern half of Kansas. They have encountered the same seasons, the same grasshoppers, the same drouths, the same hot winds, that other settlers have contended with, and yet they have remained on their farms while thousands of gifted Americans have fled precipitately to the East, carrying a tale of disaster as they went. While many a settler longer in the country lives in a bare, bleak, wind-shaken and sun-blistered shanty, with a few desolate, unfenced, dying peach trees adding horrors to the scene, the Mennonite dwells in the shadow of his mulberries and apricots, and grows fatter every day.

It is true that some of the Mennonites brought considerable money with them from Russia, but others brought nothing. It seems plain enough, all things considered, that the difference between failure and success in Kansas, taking counties like Harvey, McPherson and Marion as examples—and there are plenty of others as good—lies in the men and women, and not in the soil or climate. The patient, toiling Mennonite is doubtless considered dull by some of his American neighbors, but he praises Kansas, and says she is the best country yet, and stays with her.

My next “skip” in the collection of this, my first agricultural report, was to Larned. That town, I believe, lies in the western or third belt. Possibly I am mistaken, but if so the meteorological and agricultural *savants* can correct me. I went to see about sorghum. The *Champion* has always been an advocate of Kansas syrup, and its belief in Kansas sugar has rivaled that of the late LeDuc himself. It may be said that the “sorghum lapper” has never had a more faithful friend than the *Champion*; and so, knowing that Mr. John Bennyworth, the pioneer sugar manufacturer of Kansas, had invested a good deal of money in the neighborhood, a stop at Larned was deemed advisable. In company with Col. Ballinger, of the *Chronoscope*, the sugar factory was visited. A closed building was found, filled with silent

and costly machinery and a strong smell of sorghum—nothing more. Disaster appeared to have attended the enterprise from the start. At first the water supply was deficient; then the machinery broke, and could not be repaired this side of Cincinnati; then the cane, from frost or some other cause, soured, and would not make sugar. Mr. Bennyworth demonstrated that sugar could be made; but the factory is now closed, and no one appeared to know when, if ever, it would be reopened. This looked like the failure of a Kansas enterprise, something that it is gall and wormwood for a Kansas man to acknowledge. But Ballinger's flag was still there. He called attention to the fact that Mr. Bennyworth was still an extensive planter of sorghum cane, and declared that the cane itself was worth more than all the sugar that ever had been or ever would be made. He declared that it was the great modern discovery in the way of feed for cattle, sheep, and even hogs; that a ton of it—worth \$2—was worth an indefinite amount of prairie hay; and generally, that the path of prosperity for Pawnee county lay through a sorghum patch—that and broom corn, of which \$100,000 worth was sold in Pawnee county last season. Cattle, sheep, sorghum cane and broom corn was Dr. Ballinger's prescription for Pawnee county. As to corn, he thought enough should be planted for the family roasting ears, and wheat enough to go to mill and keep up appearances. There was no end to the cattle and sheep business. There were 300,000 sheep between Speareville and Larned, in the country tributary to the Santa Fé road, and it was just as easy to have 1,000,000. Rice corn, he said, was a delusion and a snare.

At the State Fair at Topeka last fall, enormous onions and other vegetables were exhibited by the A. T. & S. F. people as raised by irrigation at Garden City, Sequoyah county. As the place was approached, the stories of the success of the enterprise varied. Most were to the effect that a few onions were about all the landscape afforded, and a determination once formed to visit the place was abandoned. But at five o'clock this morning, as the brakeman called "Garden City," this determination was revoked, and a very pleasant and instructive day has been passed in consequence.

The country around Garden City is very large. The world never looked larger than from the depot platform this morning. A vast plain, as flat as a floor, stretched away to the east, the west, the north. On the south flowed the bankless, treeless Arkansas, reminding one of a human eye without lashes; beyond the river was the line of yellow sand-hills. It was very still when the train with its rush and roar had come and gone. A camp fire glowed off toward the river, and a group of white-covered wagons stood near. The sun rose suddenly, as if it came up over the edge of the world at the horizon. The little town of Garden City, the usual scattered collection of frame houses, sod stables, farm wagons, and agricultural implements which develop a new settlement in Kansas, had not yet got up to breakfast. Four men, with carpet-bags, came out of the east somewhere and walked literally up the track to the westward. They were going up thousands of feet more into the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. The place is one of the steps of the mountains; this seeming plain is really a slope of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. The only genuine mountain I ever climbed was hardly as high. Never have I been so impressed with the vastness of this western land. It was almost oppressive.

A few hours later, I set about looking at the results of the first irrigation experiment in Kansas. I had heard that my old acquaintance, C. J. Jones, had dug a ditch and raised a garden, and that was about all. I am frank enough to say that I have always heartily despised the name of irrigation and the country that resorted to it. Still, everything should be heard in its defense.

In company with Mr. I. R. Holmes, I rode over the lands where the first ditch was opened, and the ground broken. It looked like what it is—a great newly-made garden. It was laid out in beds of large size, each with a foot-high ridge around it, like the bottom crust of a pie. These are the dykes through which the water is let on the beds. Running the length of the fields parallel with the river was a ditch with swift-running water one or two feet deep; the water ran like a mill-race, and did not creep as in a canal. Then there were lateral ditches crossing the

fields, a ridge on each side preventing overflow. Men were at work watering this bed or that, breaking a hole in the low dyke with a spade, and then the water crept, slowly widening, over the face of the earth. Some beds were black with recent watering. I walked about over the little fields. The earth was soft like ashes. There is not a stone as big as a baby's foot for miles and miles. All sorts of vegetables had been planted; some grain was growing, and there was a field of the curious dark-green alfalfa, which sends its roots to water, six, eight, or ten feet, and can be cut four or five times a season.

Everybody was enthusiastic. A man from Greeley, an irrigation experiment, said that colony was the richest agricultural community in the world, and that this was a better location. A patch of onions about big enough for an ordinary door-yard was said to have yielded \$300 worth of onions last year. Mr. Worrell, who has followed irrigation for thirty-two years in California, was enthusiastic, and showed cottonwoods fourteen feet high, the growth of a single season.

We traveled out of the bottom to the plateau, to which the rise is almost imperceptible. It stretched away, nobody knows, I think, how far. It was buffalo grass, sage brush, cactus, soap weed; here and there a flock of sheep with an unmoving shepherd; immense, and almost soundless and solitary. A ditch was crossed on this high plateau, and all of it can be watered, and will be.

And how many people know what is being done in this out-of-the-way place—in this desert—if there is one in Kansas! Mr. Bedell, the surveyor, classified the ditches for me as follows:

No. 1, owned by Senator Plumb and others, composing the Great Eastern Irrigating Company, leaves the river seven miles above Lakin, is thirty-four feet wide, is surveyed for twenty-two miles, and will water the plateau in Sequoyah and Kearney counties. Work has begun, and will be pushed to completion.

No. 2 leaves the river on the south side, nearly opposite; owned by gentlemen connected with the Santa Fé road, called the Minnehaha Irrigation Company; is twenty-eight feet wide, twenty-two miles long, and will water bottom lands on south side of the river.

No. 3 leaves the river at Deerfield; twelve feet wide, fifteen miles long; has water running, and will irrigate the plateau north of Garden City.

No. 4, Jones's ditch, leaves the river at Sherlock; waters bottom around that station.

No. 5, original ditch, waters bottoms between Garden City and the river; is in operation as already described.

Now read the figures. This system, as completed, can now water 60,000 acres; the whole system, as at present devised, will be completed within six months, and will water 262,000 acres, which means that land now waste will be made to yield every vegetable, fruit and flower known to Kansas. It means that at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea it is proposed to cultivate a great field or garden 262,000 acres in extent. People here, who seem to be cool-headed and reasonable, say it will be done. They tell me that in a very few short years, at farthest, I will see this recent solitude peopled, and that old hackneyed Kansas real-estate phrase about the "desert blossoming like the rose," made a reality.

This is a great scheme; one that, in its amplitude, might well attract the genius of Colonel Mulberry Sellers; and yet the gentlemen interested are the farthest possible removed in character from that enthusiastic projector. They are backing their opinion with a great deal of money.

The main ditches, or canals, are excavated with plow and scraper, and water is furnished from them at \$1 per acre of land cultivated during the growing season. Mr. Bedell believes the whole Arkansas bottom, as far as Great Bend, 165 miles, can be successfully irrigated, though it is doubtful if there are many points where as much land can be brought under water as at Garden City.

There is something fascinating in the idea of every man being his own rain-maker, and being independent of shifting clouds and uncertain winds. The enthusiastic irrigator with a shovel can bring on a light or heavy shower, and by lifting a sluice gate organize a thunder storm, and he can run all the varieties of elemental disturbance at once if he chooses. The "windows of Heaven" are nothing to him: he runs the machine himself.

My own doubt was, whether the Arkansas would at all stages supply the water needed. Mr. Bedell has measured the river repeatedly, and says the supply is practically inexhaustible. The Arkansas is a two-story river, and if the water in sight were exhausted, another supply would rise from the river's bed. I have heard this sub-irrigation or basement theory disputed, but there seems to be no reasonable doubt of its correctness. A hole dug in the ground many feet away from the river or from any irrigation ditch soon begins to fill with water.

So we have the start of another of the numerous "big things" of Kansas. It has just begun; last year there were 500 acres in cultivation; this year 1,200; next year—but it is time to end the first lesson in agriculture.

MOUNTAINS AND MEXICANS.

THE train bound west that reached Garden City on the evening of Thursday, May 4th, was crowded with people. Where they were all going, or why they were going, it would puzzle a wise head to answer; but the long train was full. The smoking car and the first coaches were filled with Italians, bound to work on the railroads in the mountain country; the following day coaches and the three sleepers were filled with a mixed multitude of men, women and children, destined for a hundred different points in the immense country of the Rocky Mountains, and beyond them to the Pacific. Some of the men were going in search of health; some to prospect for mines; some to look after investments already made; some to buy cattle; and a large number, it seemed, without any definite purpose, hoping that in the land to which they were going something would turn up; and the women and children were going because men had gone or were going, since it is the lot of wives and babies in this world to follow on.

One reason, I think, why so many people travel now, is because they can do so easily and comfortably. Let but the color of gold show in mines, or cattle, or town lots, or anything else which can be bought or sold, and men will start for it a thousand miles on foot; given a wagon road, and hundreds will follow with teams; given a railroad, and thousands join the rush. So it is that twice every twenty-four hours these great passenger trains of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé road fly back and forth across the west half of the continent; and between them the slower emigrant train, loaded to the last inch. Money and skill have so perfected railroad transportation, so increased its speed and comfort, that a great army of people cast their eyes on objects a thousand miles off, and straightway arise and buy a railroad ticket, rather than stay at home.

The last object at which a Kansas party, who sat together, looked with interest, was the beginning of the great irrigating ditch above Lakin, of which mention has been made in a previous letter. It wound around in the low lands like a serpent, bound in time to carry water, which is life, to thousands of Kansas acres.

The next object of interest reached was the railroad eating house at Coolidge. The supper here was a marvel. Without a butcher, or grocer, or gardener, within hundreds of miles, here was an elegant supper, which might be said to have been brought from the ends of the earth and set down in the middle of the American desert. There is no use for fairy tales any longer. They have lost the charming feature of impossibility. All they tell happens now every day. The railroad is the magic carpet of the old story, which transports the wisher and his supper whithersoever he will.

The long stretch of level plains, lonely and monotonous, was traversed in the night. One great State was left, and the boundary of another long since crossed, when the writer awoke, just at what North Carolinians call the "daylight down," to look out of the window at a new country. The train was evidently climbing a long and steady ascent. The prairie rose in a great yellow slope to what looked like an immense line of ruined earthwork; and isolated, stunted trees were scattered about. The sun had not fully risen above the horizon, and the pallid full moon was still riding high. Suddenly, against the cold gray of the sky, appeared what looked like a great amethyst, with streaks of pearly white, and below it an enormous sloping mass of dark purple, shading away to brown at the base. It was at last, after hundreds of level miles, a mountain. One who has never left the plains in which he was born can know nothing of the feelings with which one whose childish eyes daily looked, at morn and eve, upon the solemn splendors of a great mountain, gazes, after months or years of absence, once more upon the mountain's eternal face. It is the face of an old friend, no matter in what land it may greet the sun, or gather round itself the mantle of the storm.

As the train moved on—now advancing toward the mountain,

now turning from it—the sun rose, and the great shadows thrown by the mountain upon itself shifted from time to time. What first seemed a solitary peak, changed to two, with a great gorge between them; and stretching away, like the foaming wake of a great ship, was a range of lower mountains, white with snow, as if the ice of an arctic sea had suddenly been broken up, and as the mighty waves had sprung heavenward, bearing the broken ice-floes, they had been frozen again to eternal stillness. The mountain was the Spanish Peak, and the occasion was a memorable one to him who writes of it, since it was his first sight of any portion of the Rocky Mountains.

Comparisons were then in order, and many a mountain view was recalled, but in vain. The Alps, the White Mountains, the Green Mountains, the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridge—none of these resemble the Rocky Mountains, save in the fact that they are elevations. There is, between all these and the Rocky Mountains, this great difference: they are mountains which may be loved; which have something human about them; in whose shelter men rear their dear homes; but the Rocky Mountains are not so. They are the frown of Nature in some moment of convulsive agony. These mountains, seen at earliest morning or at sunset, seem to relax somewhat, if I may use the expression, but in the full light of day they are always gray, and cold, and stern.

We were soon amidst scenes as unlike Kansas as possible. Mountains rose on both sides. The Raton range appeared in full view, with Fisher's Peak and its pulpit-like crowning rock near at hand. Foot-hills mingled in confusion; the world seemed left half finished; patches of little green, irrigated fields along the Purgatoire, and adobe houses, plainly told that we were in a semi-Mexican country; and so we came to Trinidad.

Some people see one thing in a new town; some another. Trinidad has, to be described, gas-works, water-works, great outfitting stores, manufactories, banks, and all that goes to make up a smart town; but the writer, having seen and written about all that elsewhere, some five hundred times, was more interested in matters new to him, to wit, Mexicans, adobes and burros.

The former were very numerous. Trinidad was originally

settled in 1860, by New-Mexican people who came up from the southward. The Americans have come in and built a modern town, and with the latest improvements. But there are six thousand Mexicans in the county of Las Animas, and they are represented in the government of the county and in the Legislature. They are numerous at all hours in the streets of Trinidad; not lounging in the sun as they are usually represented, but engaged in various manual avocations. They are not picturesque. They wear slouched American hats, instead of sombreros, and pants without suspenders, and coats of the ready-made order. That garb does not become anybody but the Northern races. In coat and pants all the dark people, from the Mexican herdsman to the Japanese ambassador, are hideous. One secret of the limited success of Protestant missionaries in their labors, is their insistence that the heathen man must learn English, wear pants, and change his name to John P. Smith. So Mexicans, having discarded their historical dress in consequence of American association, are not improved by the operation.

The Mexican, meaning by that the farmer, herdsman, laborer or teamster, is frequently called a "Greaser," and is regarded by the Smart Aleck of nationalities, to wit, Mr. Yankee, as a low creature. Wishing to hear the counsel for the defense, if any existed, the present chronicler made bold to call on one of the Padres in Trinidad and ask him his opinion of his flock. It may be premised, however, that a pastor always stands up for his charge. When some years ago the Chinese question was "investigated" in San Francisco, a large number of red-nosed policemen swore that a Chinaman could not become a Christian; but Rev. Mr. Gibson, who has preached to the Chinese for years, deposed, like a little man, that the Chinese made an excellent article of Presbyterians. It was to be expected that the Padre would say a good word, but his testimony was unexpectedly favorable. He was an Italian, a short man with a comfortable waistband; a large nose, bestrode with spectacles, and spoke English in the velvety voice peculiar, I think, to priests, and helped his words with the shrug of the shoulders, possible only with Italians.

He said, in substance, that newspaper correspondents had been altogether too rapid and simultaneous in their judgment of the Mexican character. No people could be understood by a stranger, ignorant of their language—and the Mexican has been judged by such. He is not, as an American is, a man of business. Why should he be? Shut out from all the world, with no railroads, no markets, why should he raise what he cannot sell? But talk to the Mexican about his religion, and you will find that he is a theologian. He deserves credit for being what he is. Surrounded for centuries by Indians, he has preserved his civilization, his religion, and his language. His Spanish is not only correct; it is elegant. He is a purist in the matter of language. A man should be judged by his heart; and the Mexican is a good-hearted man. He is attached to his children, and he is the soul of hospitality. Touching the question of blood, and the statement often made that the Mexican is not a white man, but a mongrel Indian, the Padre entered a denial. The common Mexican is the descendant of the common Spaniard who came with Cortez. He had a fashion of adopting Indian children, whom he raised and treated as his own. But these children were married, not to Mexicans, but to other Indians. Possibly illicit relations had grown up at times between the races. "For," said the Padre, with a deprecatory wave of the hand and the Mediterranean shrug, "we are all but men." But in the matter of regular and legitimate descent, the Mexican is no Indian, nor hybrid Indian. Much more said the priest in the same direction, which I will not set down here, but add that later in the day I met Rev. Mr. Darley, who, as a Presbyterian missionary, has visited, as he says, every Mexican family in Colorado, and who is a thorough Spanish scholar and edits a paper in that language. Mr. Darley confirmed much that his theological enemy had stated, especially in regard to the matter of language, though he differed in regard to the pedigree question. In short, he gave the swarthy adopted American a generally good character.

I have given these opinions as new, to me at least, and reserve my own till a later period. I may add that both clergymen gave

me information regarding that curious religious order among the Mexicans, the Penitentes, of which I may say more hereafter.

In regard to adobe structures, which excite the curiosity of visitors, I have only to say that an adobe house is a mud house. The mud order of architecture varies, but it is always muddy. Many Americans in Trinidad have adopted the adobe, and by concealing the material with plaster, a very creditable structure is the result. The large Catholic church at Trinidad is built of roughly-made mud bricks, and looks like a great sod house. The adobe and the Mexican belong together. As the American comes in, brick and wood are beginning to be used; in the newest towns are used altogether. The flat-roofed adobe house, looking like pictures one sees in the Bible dictionaries, will soon be remanded to the rural districts, and future newspaper correspondents will describe it no more.

The burro is numerous in Trinidad. A procession of burros, each little ass with a load of wood on his back as large as himself, is a grave spectacle. At this season of the year the burro is seen in families, and so the procession has its variety. First comes old Mrs. B.; then a young burro, about as tall as a saw-horse; then another burro with a little Mexican on deck; then more burros, big and little; while at the tail of the procession comes the owner of the caravan, a middle-aged Mexican. Thus all ages and both sexes may be represented, but no member of either family ever smiles. Still the burro, for all his humble and self-depreciatory expression, is universally well spoken of. He has many friends. At least the talk is eulogistic. His position is not unlike that of an editor in politics: he gets the complimentary notices, and in return carries all the wood in the shape of candidates that can be loaded on his long-suffering back.

Thus I have mentioned the striking figures that attracted me as I approached the frontier of New Mexico. As for Trinidad, it is a typical mountain town, full of enterprise and hope, and with a big faith in coal mines and the cattle trade, of which it is the center. The town is not yet over its youthful and festive days. With many first-class business men and exemplary citi-

zens, there are many gentlemen whose lives are devoted to sinful games. Occasionally the festivities are summarily abbreviated. The last shooting, however, was several weeks ago. The departed was a "formerly of Kansas" man, and was known, from an obliquity of vision, as "Cock-Eyed Frank." One sound business rule, "Pay as you go," is rigidly enforced; at least I saw conspicuously posted, the following lines:

"Jawbone don't go.
Give me an ante."

This is submitted for the benefit of the learned in such matters. While we are speaking of the wayward and erring, I will say for the benefit of those who believe in Bret Harte's stories, that I saw a reduced copy of Mr. John Oakhurst. He had just been propelled into the gutter by an imperious barkeeper. He did not wear Mr. Oakhurst's black suit, nor his varnished boots, but I noticed that as he rose from the earth he carefully dusted the few clothes he had on with his pocket handkerchief. It is pleasant to meet in real life those characters who have so charmed us in fiction.

Quite a group of Kansas men were found in Trinidad, in the solid business circles. One of these was Thomas C. Stevens, once of Carney, Stevens & Co., of Leavenworth. Mr. Stevens's descriptions of gentlemen he formerly knew in Kansas, who combined patriotism and business, in the proportion of one part of the former to about 1,000 of the latter, while not marked by any special elegance of diction or rhetorical ornament, were models of clear, powerful, seafaring English.

I had hoped to see Raton Pass by clear daylight, but the train passed under a cloudy sky at five o'clock in the morning. Pulled by two engines, the train of seven cars slowly climbed the ascent till near the summit the fog shut out the prospect. The tunnel passed, and the long down slope commenced, the fog lifted and the clouds began to break. The mountains on either side seemed to rise higher and to almost tear the drifting clouds, but ere long they parted as the waves of the Red Sea parted before marching Israel, and through an opening in the eastern hills a burst of sunshine lit up heaven and earth as we descended to the plains of New Mexico.

THE NEW-MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

THE locomotive climbing the Raton Pass (where once the hardy scout or hunter carefully and toilsomely picked his way on foot), surmounting with slow but ceaseless labor the grade of 185 feet to the mile, never ceasing till the crest is reached and the pines on the summit quiver to the whistle's blast, and then feeling its way carefully down the slope to finally rush with a triumphant rattle and roar from the shadows of the mountain into the sunlight vastness of the plain, is a symbol of the slowness with which a new and intense civilization approached the confines of New Mexico, and the suddenness with which it finally invaded and overran that hitherto silent and voiceless empire.

The locomotive has always seemed to me the perfection of modern mechanism. It embodies so much power with a grace that is all its own. It calls into play in its construction all that the hand and eye and brain of the mechanic has learned, and is perfectly adapted to its purposes. When it appears for the first time in a country it marks the departure of the old and the coming of the new, and not merely what is new, but what is newest.

This thought has followed me ever since I entered New Mexico. The old order, surprised suddenly, has not had time to fly or to change, and stands mute in the presence of the new. There stands the sun-burned herdsman watching his flocks in the waste; here the Mexican woman, with her shawl over her head, looks shyly from the door of the adobe hut, just as she has looked for all time; while the locomotive dashes by them and the telephone wire is strung over their heads to communicate with ranches forty miles in the interior. There has never been anything like it in the world before.

When one sees this country he realizes that nothing but the railroad was powerful enough to affect it. The slow march of

settlements, such as the older Western States knew, would not have crossed New Mexico from one border to the other in a hundred years. The vastness of these tawny plains is beyond the reach of descriptive language; the loneliness of the buttes, each with its castle-like crest of rock, which rise afar against the sky; the gaunt desolateness of the ravines, torn by the floods from the mountains; the ruggedness of the passes, apparently sunken craters, the "volcano's blinded eye," seem to defy human invasion coming by the means which other empires have known. A solitary traveler is a mere dot on the surface, a mote between the earth and sky; a caravan is like a piece of driftwood on the ocean. Between the great plain and the Western ocean, the goal of the traveler, runs a dark line of frowning mountains, continuous, like a prison wall, and behind them are seen the snowy crests of other mountains, as if to forbid further advance. It is as if the inexorable Spirit of the Waste brooded over all, and uttered to all who ventured here the command, "March on."

Here is a country known to civilized man for three hundred years, that in that period never produced an invention, nor wrote or printed a book, nor had any commerce save that of wagon caravans; now in the space of two years filled with railroads, telegraphs, telephones, iron bridges and daily papers.

From Raton to Las Vegas the traveler sees on one side a plain bounded by mountains; on the other a plain as boundless as the sea, sometimes broken by the buttes of which I have spoken, sometimes by a mass of jagged rock thrust up from the plain like a wave. As a rule, it is grass — tawny now, but green when the rains come in July and August. Here and there are scattered herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, numbering thousands in all, but seeming few on account of the vast expanse over which they range. They did not seem the long-horned wild cattle that we associate with the southern prairies, but more like the domestic cattle of the North. In fact, the very brutes have become subject to the influence of the new civilization. The short-horn has been introduced, and the old long-horned racer is disappearing. The whole cattle business is passing from the hands of individuals into those of corporations and associations. Rufus

Hatch, of Wall street, was at Dodge City the other day, on business connected with one of these corporations, the capital of which is furnished in the East. I think everything in this world will be run, eventually, by a president, secretary, treasurer and board of directors.

I have spoken of the locomotive as a symbol of civilization, but there is another quite as expressive. It is the empty fruit and oyster can. These are now strewed all over New Mexico and the world. These evidences of departed concentrated provisions are everywhere now; in the wake of the Jeannette and the trail of African Stanley. A visitor to the interior of the pyramids finds the former receptacle of cove oysters, and if you take the wings of morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth you will light on a sardine box. When the would-be explorer begins to recite, "This is the forest primeval," his pride is crushed by discovering the tomato can of a prior visitor. How perfectly New Mexico has been subjugated is shown by the amount of old tin strewed over the territory to tempt the appetite of her goats.

Las Vegas was visited for a few moments, and then the train was taken for the Hot Springs and the Hotel de Montezuma. We saw, however, before leaving Las Vegas, a large party of Philadelphia excursionists who had just visited the Springs under the conductorship of Col. Edward Haren, of the Santa Fé emigration, excursion and recreation bureau. Two or three parties of New Englanders have been brought through the country, besides the Philadelphians. It seems to be the purpose to exhibit to the newly-enlightened New-Mexicans all the different varieties of their fellow-citizens of the United States.

I have spoken of the dark range of mountains constantly rising on the traveler's path as he goes south. Breaking through these mountains is a brawling stream called Gallinas—(double l sounded like y.) The little river has cut its way down to the base of the mountains through wooded defiles and frowning cañons. Occasionally it runs through a little valley, seeming the bed of some former lake, and in one of these little circular valleys, just where the river is to break through the last wall of rock

and debouch upon the plain, are the Las Vegas Hot Springs and the hotels, and the group of cottages.

The Springs have been known nobody knows how long. The Indians revered them, just as they did the Great Spirit Springs in Kansas. When the Mexican colonists of the Las Vegas grant came up from the South they knew their value and embraced them in the land they took in severalty. Thirty-three years ago, so Rev. Mr. Reed, who was then an army chaplain at Santa Fé, tells me, the army doctors were accustomed to send soldiers, the victims of their own vices, to the springs to be cured. The old-timers aforesaid knew no more about the chemical analysis of water than the writer of this, *i. e.*, nothing; they only knew that the water did good. When the Americans began to hunt up everything valuable, an adobe hotel was built at the springs, then the stone building, the Hot Springs House; and finally the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé people built the Montezuma Hotel, which I believe to be the finest frame hotel building in America. There are larger buildings at Saratoga, but none so elegantly finished. The existence of this fine building in a lonely valley, traversed a few years ago only by a few Mexicans and burros, is the most wonderful thing yet. Every stick in this great house, four stories high and three hundred feet long, was brought from the northern verge of the United States. All this mass of furniture, mirrors, carpets, pictures, silver ware, and other details, superior to anything I know in Kansas, was brought over the mountains. Gas, water, electric bells, pianos, billiard tables, bar fixtures, everything known to a modern and fashionable hotel, has been collected here. Everything is finished and ready for the guests; two hundred fine rooms await them. The bath houses have a capacity of five hundred baths per day. The Arkansas Hot Springs, known and used for the better part of a century, have no such conveniences.

Desirous of seeing something of the surroundings, we took a pedestrian trip four miles up the Gallinas. This stream flows, cold and swift, from the snows of the Rocky Mountains. It is full of eddies and falls and whirls and dimples, and has, when running over the rock, the color of topaz. The mountains,

closing in a short distance above the hotel, leave for three miles a passage for the stream nowhere one hundred feet wide, including the banks proper. Occasionally a jutting cliff drove us into or across the stream. A geologist would have gone quite wild. Such strata, so many colored, so twisted, overlapped and braided, I never saw before. Several times the stream was crossed by a stratum of curiously-streaked rock, with bands varying from pure white to red. The stripes were extremely delicate—sometimes, though clearly defined, not over a tenth of an inch wide. For want of a better name we called it "Ribbon Rock." On the slopes of the mountain I saw nearly every evergreen common to the United States, save the white pine and the hemlock. The firs were especially beautiful.

After walking, sliding, climbing and scrambling for four miles the defile widened, and we came to a point where there were grassy slopes and a wood-cutter's camp. Here we took the trail, made by packers long ago, to return. The narrow trail led far up the mountain-side, rising at times above the growth of the pines. As we marched along, the sky became overcast with leaden clouds. Far below we could see the windings of the Gallinas. The wind sprang up, and we heard the plaintive moaning of the pines, and a few flakes of snow began to fall. In that high solitude, and under that sky, and amid the snow, which we could see was falling heavily in the distant mountains, we both spoke, as if by a common impulse, of the little group in Bret Harte's most pathetic story, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Not doomed, however, to a fate like theirs, we pushed on, and were soon at our temporary home, the Montezuma.

Here a pleasing and curious scene presented itself. Mingled with the guests from all parts of the country, and visitors from Las Vegas, was a group of country Mexicans, such as live in the defiles of the Gallinas. The women mostly wore their black shawls over their heads, but there was one conspicuous by a bonnet. They looked wonderingly at the building, the palace they had seen rise before their eyes within the last few months. A man, with a few women, ventured up the first stairway and into the long hall, with its carpets and bright gas fixtures. The

women stopped, but he ventured alone some distance, and then called to the others to come on, as he saw no danger. At dinner-time they ventured into the dining-room. The men wore their hats in, but, when requested, removed them and placed them on the rack, seeing which the lady with the bonnet returned and removed her head-gear also. Their evident desire to conform to the usages of society, and their quiet demeanor, attracted universal commendation.

This hotel is to the people a teacher. It will instruct them. Its influence will some of these days be seen in a hundred now unknown comforts in every poor Mexican adobe within fifty miles.

The hotels at the Springs have been evoked by the same great enterprise which has done so much for Kansas and New Mexico. To the invalid or the tourist, who needs change as a medicine for mind or body, or both, this resort is now open. I would advise that the visit be made not earlier than the latter part of May or early in June. I would advise, also, that the first visit be made soon, while the great change which this letter has discussed is going on. The weariness of this world is the uniformity to which it is being reduced. While there is something left as God made it, let us for a time enjoy it. It is here now; it will be gone to-morrow.

FROM LAS VEGAS TO SANTA FÉ.

LAS VEGAS is two towns. The Mexicans, pushing slowly to the northward, started a town in 1835, and with the railroad came the Americans and started another, and the two lie in long lines, parallel with each other, with a row of houses and a street-car line connecting them like the membrane which harnessed the Siamese twins. The American town has the railroad buildings for its nucleus, and is all American. The Mexican town is not entirely Mexican, and the plaza is a compromise. Iron-front brick buildings, such as small towns have in Kansas, surround it; but many of the names on the signs are Mexican. The most frequent name is Romero. I think Romero must be Mexican for Smith.

New Las Vegas has its daily newspaper, the *Optic*, and the other Las Vegas the *Gazette*, but neither is published on what may be called Mexican territory. Old Las Vegas has the Jesuits' College and the great Catholic church, and the largest hotel, "The Plaza." The post office is as near as possible made convenient to both towns.

Las Vegas has a boom. It claims 7,000 people, and business lots have been sold for \$3,000. It shares in the glories of the Hot Springs, from which it is only six miles distant. It is the end of a railroad division. It has all the elements of a Kansas town, when said town is "on the rise."

Las Vegas is the first town of importance where a traveler coming south on the Santa Fé can see the Mexican idea of town-building. After he passes that point the novelty will wear off. In Las Vegas there is a district called "The Hill," which is almost exclusively Mexican. It is to them a favorable spot, being utterly barren. The country Mexican seeks the water-side; the town Mexican the hills. The best soil for the cultivation of "adobes" is a coarse gravel mixed with sand, and strewn with

judicious liberality with rocks the size of a sixty-four-pound shot. No vestige of anything green should grow anywhere near; no tree, no flower, no blade of grass. On this firm foundation the square, flat-roofed mud house is reared. It is all dry mud except the door, the window, and the posts which hold the roof and project beyond the eaves. It is necessary, too, that the mud should be ugly mud. In the composition of adobe bricks, the soil is generally dug up in front of the proposed establishment and mixed up with water—earth, gravel and all; consequently the sides of the house are ornamented with small rocks sticking in the wall. Out in front an oven made of mud is built. Everything is now complete except to carelessly scatter a few dogs around the outside, and insert some men, women and children, especially the latter, on the inside. Standing on a bleak, wind-swept hill-side one of these houses is a dismal sight. But the tendency of the people is toward gregariousness. On regular streets what seems a single house will extend the length of a block. In other cases, the houses are built around a court-yard. The original idea is to have a court-yard for every house, but where one party cannot afford so much house, several pool their adobes, and complete the square.

Las Vegas has a new church, built by the Jesuits—a huge affair, very wide for its height, and built of dark-red sandstone. With its two square towers it is quite imposing. There is nearly always something picturesque to be seen about Catholic churches, and entering this church late in the afternoon I saw something new to me. In front of one of the altars, on which candles were burning, knelt some twenty Mexican women and several young children. An emaciated cur sniffed around, and distracted the attention of the little black-eyed boys. The devotions of the group were led by an old woman, who recited prayers in Spanish in a high-pitched, nasal voice, and with the greatest possible velocity. Once she broke out and sang a few lines, in a high key which was almost a scream, and then resumed as before. The women kept their heads and faces and shoulders covered with their black shawls, and the scene was weird enough. At last the meeting broke up, with a sort of exhortation by the old

female "class leader," to each of the departing worshippers. A "female prayer meeting" seemed to me a novelty in the Catholic church.

Taking the way freight in the early morning, the journey was resumed. The long stretch of plains from Raton to Las Vegas had been continued to the point of monotony, and it was agreeable as well as unexpected to find that the road soon after leaving Las Vegas entered upon constantly varying mountain scenery. There was a change, too, in the air—a suspicion that we were going south. The mountains seemed less stern and forbidding than they had before; the pine forest which covered the slopes took a warmer shade of green. We skirted what seemed to have once been a huge wall, shutting in the waters of an inland sea. Here were capes, promontories, headlands, and long straight lines of abandoned shore, and down the slopes were lines marking the successive ebbs of the water as it sank. At the crest of the seemingly unending range rose a perpendicular wall of rock, such as is common in the Blue Ridge range in the South. In the distance rose a snowy range, now in plain sight, now disappearing, as the train wound on its devious way. The engineering difficulties of the route were enormous, but were overcome by the sharp curves, sometimes defining the shape of the letter S, and the bold grades, once deemed impossible, but now surmounted with apparent ease by the enormous engines which modern locomotive builders have constructed.

It is probable that every defile and mountain has its story, but in a country which, until recently, had few "abstract and brief chroniclers of the time," these are only preserved by oral tradition. One mountain has, however, a melancholy celebrity. A party of Mexicans were once driven to its summit by Indians, and there surrounded till they perished of starvation and thirst. Through the clear air two crosses can be seen, erected to mark the spot where they met their fate. There, on the wind-swept height, in the atmosphere where nothing decays, those crosses will stand to tell their story of suffering and cruelty, to thousands on thousands of passers-by. It made one's heart ache to think that while those poor men were dying of thirst they could

see below them the windings of a stream of cold, clear water, which irrigated, perhaps, their own little fields. It seemed as if we would never get away from the doleful mountain. At times I thought we had escaped it, in the windings of the road, but another turn brought it in sight again, with its crosses, eighteen hundred years ago and still the sign of voiceless agony.

Several Mexican villages were passed, sleeping in the sun, one with a little church, a mere hut; another, San Miguel, with a large church with two towers. There is a singular absence of life or stir about these places. One could easily believe them uninhabited. The men were at work plowing in the fields; the women keep indoors, and passing by one may often see them sitting on the floor in a circle, like Turkish women, conversing on such subjects as may enter their Mexican minds.

All the road was interesting. The traveler who goes no farther into the country than Las Vegas will lose much. The scenery below is varied, and has the charm of novelty. Whatever form these mountains take, they are unlike any others.

One objective point on the road was the old Pecos church, the subject of a thousand legends. For myself I am no antiquarian, and have no special theory in regard to the past of New Mexico. The curious in such matters are referred to the essays by Major Inman and others. I only tell what I saw, with a view to give an idea of things present, for the benefit of future tourists.

Nothing in this country looks as I anticipated. I had formed the impression that the ruined Pecos church rose bare and gaunt from the midst of a level plain, but I caught my first sight of it through the vistas of a pine forest, and far below the level of the track. It looked, in the distance, like the shell of a burned brick kiln.

We got out at Levy, a station consisting of the little depot and the agent's cabin, surrounded by tall pines which gave forth a balsamic odor. A red road, over which the teamsters haul cedar posts and countless railroad ties from the forest-covered mountains, ran down into the valley. We followed it, and soon came into old fields covered with scattered dwarf cedars. The fields looked like the old fields of the South. One would have said,

seeing them in the South, that cotton had grown upon them within a few years. We kept on, crossing two or three deep ravines, cut in the red soil; then toiled through the dried, sandy bed of an extinct river, a hundred yards wide, and saw before us the former site of the Pueblo of the Pécós.

Imagine a great spoon lying convex side up, and you have the ground plan. A long sandstone ridge, perhaps seventy-five feet above the general level of the plain and the dead river, forms the handle. The ridge is in places not over 100 feet wide on top, and is a bare, sun-bleached rock. Along its sides great masses of stone have broken off and fallen down. The bowl of the spoon forms a plateau of a few acres, and on it stand the ruins of the town and the church, the ruins beginning where the handle joins the bowl. Great masses of small stones and earth are piled up, and from the heaps project timbers. The houses were two and perhaps more stories high, and built around court-yards, as in the present day. The outlines are distinctly visible. Here and there are circular depressions where the grass shows green. These are said by some to have been wells or cisterns; by others, council houses.

At the end of the village where the bowl (turned over) is the highest stand the ruins of the church, its roofless adobe walls rising in places to the height of thirty feet. It is, or was, a Catholic church of the most approved order. Its interior is cruciform. Here is the chancel, here the nave, here the altar recess, here the entrance from the sacristy. The joists projecting from the wall show rude carving. Where was the altar is a pile of earth. We saw an excavation, and near by a fragment of a human skull. Some curiosity seekers had dug from under the ruined altar the bones of the priest who had once officiated there, and fragments of his Franciscan robe.

This was the ruin; how long since the swarms of Indian workmen raised its walls is not and may never be exactly known. The town was an old one when the Spanish came in 1536. It is one of the places connected by Indian tradition with the story of Montezuma. Abbe Domenec's story being taken for true that the Spaniards had possession of numerous Indian villages in

1542, this church may have been built then. It must be over two hundred years old. It has been an absolute ruin for more than fifty. Its preservation in its present shape is another proof that there is nothing so indestructible as simple earth. Masonry might have fallen; the natural rock all around has crumbled; but these earthen walls, five feet thick, unless destroyed intentionally by man may rear their sunburnt front in the lone valley of the Pecos for a thousand years to come.

Where man comes and goes away he leaves a solitude more desolate than he found. Around the valley rose the mountains to the sky. To the northward the high peaks were wrapped in clouds, and although the sun of May was shining, the snow could be seen falling on those cold and distant heights. Sweeping around almost in a semi-circle was the great mountain wall I have before mentioned, closing in on the east and south; to the west rose gentle slopes, dark with the forest. It was a lovely yet lonely spot. The vagrant wind waved the long grass that grew from the ruins; a great cactus spread its skeleton fingers; a solitary crow, balancing on uneven wing, endeavored to beat up against the wind.

Here was solitude. The Indian, the Spaniard, and thousands of later visitors had been here and left their names and gone. Upon the mountain-side could be seen a little white cloud of moving vapor from a locomotive, but with a hurried echo lingering behind it, this latest invader came and went. And yet where we sat and watched the hurrying clouds cast their vanishing shadows upon the mountain-side and plain, hundreds and thousands of human beings had been born and lived, laughed and wept, and hoped and loved, and despaired and died. Feeling secure, doubtless, on their ridge in the midst of the valley, the Indians had cultivated their fields, perhaps thousands of acres, along the banks of the Pecos half a mile away, and, as I believe, along the shores of the stream now dried up which ran beneath their walls. From their town they went forth in the morning; to it they returned at eve. According to tradition, so industrious were they that they collected provision for two or three years in advance. They had chosen a noble site; these mountains seemed

a shelter for them—a barrier against their foes. They proved neither. The new god, whose temple they reared, in time seemed as powerless as the old. The fields are now wastes; the town is a heap of stones and earth; and the roofless church is a monument of desolation. Thousands pass it by, but none remain. The strongest and the wisest must possess the earth. Coronado passed by the spot in 1542, on his long and fruitless march. What a savage wilderness lay between him and the sounding Atlantic! Seventy-eight years after, a band of shivering English emigrants stood under the bleak December sky and confronted Frenchman and Spaniard and Indian. From that hour the idea of a great American-European Catholic Empire in America was made impossible. To-day this ruined church is an emblem and evidence of that lost dream. This railroad, built by the lineal descendants of those very Puritan exiles, is the sign and symbol of the future. The Spaniard brought ruin; the descendants of the Englishman of the Seventeenth century will bring restoration. The Indians cannot come back; the fire of Montezuma which they are said to have kept burning amid the ruins of Pecos has gone out forever; but as we passed we saw that the Mexican farmer had discarded the wooden plow, and was turning over the soil with the bright share of the American. The mines opened by the Spaniards were filled up, but a few hundred yards from the little station of Levy, Americans were sinking a shaft, not for gold or silver this time, but for useful copper. All that was good will come back, increased an hundred fold.

It is very difficult, I may say, to gain accurate information in regard to distances, etc., in this country. The Mexican does not understand you; the American, in many instances, does not know or does not care. We had been given the distance of the ruin from the station by half a dozen persons, as varying from half a mile to three miles. A note of our expedition may help future visitors.

We left Las Vegas on the way freight at about nine o'clock; we arrived at Levy at half-past one; we visited the ruin and returned to the station in time for the passenger train bound south,

at half-past four. The distance to the church may be safely called one mile and a half.

The road presents no difficulties that a good walker, lady or gentleman, cannot surmount. We took dinner with the trainmen at Fulton. Visitors can supply themselves with lunch at Las Vegas. No traveler from the North should fail to visit the church. The history of this old country must be gathered in chapters; by degrees, as it were, and this old ruin is a strange leaf in the book of time.

The afternoon sun was declining when the passenger train came along, and we resumed our journey. We passed Glorieta, and the wild walls of the Apache cañon, and, changing cars at Lamy Junction, turned again to the northward. In the slant sun to the westward we saw new mountains; true mountains in their outline, in color and form, such as we see in great pictures, and in dreams, "the purple peaks, that tear the drifting clouds of gold." They rose from the plains, a group by themselves, beautiful and alone. Looking at them, we forgot all else, and started with surprise when the brakeman called "Santa Fé!"

HOURS IN SANTA FÉ.

WITH the exception of Savannah, with its shady streets of green and gloom, its old houses with iron-barred lower windows; its Spanish and Huguenot names, I have never seen an American city which so impressed and won me as Santa Fé. Between the two cities there is scarcely a point of resemblance. One is almost on a level with the sea, the other is 7,000 feet above it; one is surrounded by low pine woods and rice swamps and reedy marshes, the other looks from the lap of mountains which rise to the realms of sterility and snow. In fact they have nothing in common, save that both remind one of Spain, and both are very old.

In traveling usually one soon wearies of a place and longs to hurry on to another, but I find myself lingering here and reluctant to go. I discover that I am more than usually reluctant to do anything "on time," and disposed to lounge around the plaza or walk about the narrow streets and talk to the Kansas fellows who live here, and who seem coming into town as if to a meeting of the Republican Central Committee or State Convention. The first evening of my arrival, I met Prof. George F. Gaumer, whom I had known as a student in the University at Lawrence, who has since traveled all over Cuba and Yucatan as a naturalist, and is now living here with his pretty Kansas wife, teaching Spanish, (how is that for Kansas?) and acting as professor in the University of New Mexico. Then there is Ed. L. Bartlett, formerly of Wyandotte, and Mrs. Bartlett, the society of either, to say nothing of both, being sufficient to induce a Kansas man to stay in Santa Fé a year; and last, but not least by any means, is my rotund old friend, of all my years in Kansas, Father Defouri, now the Padre of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, an edifice which he is overhauling in a manner calculated to astonish the bones of the ancient Mexicans buried under and

around it. Going along the plaza I met, day before yesterday, Gov. Harvey, "bearded like the pard," just in from his surveying labors. The first morning of my stay Dr. Seibor, formerly of Ellsworth, drove up, and yesterday I rode out with him to the Indian village of Tesuque.

In Kansas by this time it must be warming up, but here there is the sun of May with a darker blue in the cloudless sky than I have noticed elsewhere, and yet there is snow on the mountains and a touch of early winter or late fall in the air. They say it never goes above 85° in the summer. The cottonwoods and the alfalfa in the little plaza are bright and green, but the irrigated gardens, shut in by breast-high adobe walls, are hardly beginning to show color. And, speaking of the plaza, brings me back to Kansas or Kansans again. The soldiers' monument in the center of the plaza, which commemorates the valor of the heroes of New Mexico who fought Indians and those whom the monument in uncompromising language on unyielding marble calls "rebels," was erected at the instance of Gen. Bob Mitchell, of Kansas, who, poor fellow, passed the other day, amid the shadows of poverty, to his grave. In front of a store facing the plaza, Richard Weightman, once a familiar figure in Atchison, stabbed and killed, in self-defense, Felix Aubrey, the famous rider; and in the Exchange Hotel, at a corner of the plaza, Col. John P. Slough was murdered. Both Weightman and Slough are very kindly spoken of here by men who knew them intimately. In the old "Palace" on the plaza, W. F. M. Army served five years as Secretary of the Territory, and Capt. John Pratt a still longer time as United States Marshal. A Kansas man ought to feel at home here.

To get down to a semblance of business, Santa Fé is a town of nine thousand inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are natives. It claims to be the oldest town in the United States, but nothing can be told of its age by its appearance. An adobe house takes "no note of time." It looks as old in a week as it will after ten thousand years of existence. For all one can see, Santa Fé may have been built ten years ago, or Adam may have irrigated the Garden of Eden from the little Rio Santa Fé. There is no

mistake, however, about its being very old. Mr. Ellison, the old Acting Territorial Librarian, "has the papers" on that. There was, from the dawn of time, an Indian village here, and "the Santa Fé Town Company," as I presume it was called, began operations in 1597. Archbishop Lamy, who has known the town since 1850, says it changes very little in its general appearance. It was a town of five thousand inhabitants at the time of the American occupation, and what has been done since, until the railroad came, has been done on the old plan. The United States Government in its buildings adopted the adobe, and Americans generally did the same. Even now, in the construction of brick residences, the old one-story, roomy house, with its *placita*, or court, is followed as a model. The Exchange Hotel, where this letter is written, is one of the large hotels of the town, and it is but an extension of an old Mexican house, a one-story adobe, with two little court-yards, into which the sun shines without let or hindrance; a rambling, irregular, curious old place, with big bed-rooms, each with a back door and a front, opening into the *placita* and the street, and no ceiling overhead—just the bare joists. A queer and comfortable place, better a thousand times, to my taste at least, than a box and bell-cord in the sixth story of an American hotel.

The town is an aggregate of such houses, and smaller ones, with some modern brick and frame houses already built, and others coming. The first royal Governor, the Hon. Pedro de Peralta, appears to have said in first arranging the town, "Here we will have a little square plaza, and on this side of it the Governor's palace shall be built, and around it we will have business houses; and for the rest, you can build where you like, only do not take up too much room with your streets." Then the inhabitants went to work, with a spider web for a model, and located streets and alleys, and built long lines of adobe houses on each side, with originally no windows on the street side, and with but a large gate opening from the street into the *placita*. On the street front they erected porches running from house to house, for hundreds of feet, so that in Santa Fé you may walk long distances without stepping into the sun, or the rain—when it

falls. The Rio Santa Fé, a little stream from the mountains, runs through a wide rocky bed in the midst of the town, separating it into two portions; and on this stream the women of both towns met and discussed the hired-girl question, and washed their clothes.

This is a rough outline of what appears to be the general plan of Santa Fé. Going up on the hill which overlooks the town, you may, from the earthwork called Fort Marcy, see all over Santa Fé as it is now, and in your mind you can reconstruct it as it was. You see large squares which look like dried-up ponds: they are the flat roofs of the adobe houses. This flat surface was originally broken only by occasional trees and the higher walls of the churches.

The Spaniards, on their occupation of a country, build at once a fort and a church. Santa Fé has, consequently, some very old churches which are the first objects of interest visited by strangers. The oldest of these is San Miguel, St. Michael being greatly venerated in these parts. The original church was built, no one knows exactly when, but it is said in 1640. The Pueblo Indians destroyed it in the revolt of 1680, and it was rebuilt in 1710. On a beam under the gallery it is stated that it was built by the Marquis de Penuela. His whole name was "The Admiral Don José Chacon Medina Salazar Villasenor, Knight of the Order of Santiago, Governor and Captain General of this Kingdom of New Mexico;" but he did not sign his name in full because there was not room enough on the beam. San Miguel on the outside looks like an immense and badly constructed sod-house. The inside is long, narrow and high, with a little gallery supported by a cross-beam and the great name of the Marquis de Penuela. There are a number of pictures, age unknown—perhaps painted in Spain, perhaps in old Mexico. They are very ugly, as is San Miguel itself. What is true of San Miguel is true of San Francisco. This church is at present curiously situated. The great stone church, which has been fourteen years in building, completely incloses it, and shuts out the sun in a great degree, causing some of the strangest effects of light and shadow imaginable. Through the open doors comes a

bit of bright sunshine; daylight from some source falls on the high altar; between them is dim shadow, made more strange and ghastly by the Mexican women, closely covered by their black shawls, who kneel in silence before a little altar in an alcove.

The most interesting church to me was that of Our Lady of Guadalupe. This church has been turned over to the Rev. James H. Defouri, formerly of Kansas, for the use of the English-speaking Catholics of Santa Fé. It is probably nearly as old as San Francisco; but what a change, my countrymen! Father Defouri found the church, like all old churches, without seats or a fire. He has introduced pews and a stove. I understand that the latter was considered a frightful innovation, the faithful having relied for ages on their piety to keep them warm, but the pews were a distinguished success. On the first Sunday they were opened to the public they were filled with natives, delighted to worship in comfort. A Kansas man may be considered the reformer of New-Mexican church interiors. Many tourists will doubtless feel shocked by the lack of reverence for the antique shown in putting a new roof on this church; it may be a comfort to such to know that on the other hand to Father Defouri is due the preservation of the remarkable altar-piece, perhaps the finest specimen of Spanish-American art in New Mexico. It was painted in Mexico by Josephus Alzibar, in 1683, and on account of its size was brought to Santa Fé in three pieces. It portrays in four tableaux the old Mexican legend of Juan, the Pueblo, to whom the Virgin appeared thrice, and left as a proof of the reality of her visit her full-length portrait on his mantle. Showing this to the Bishop, who had been before incredulous, a church of Our Lady of Guadalupe was erected on the spot designated by her in her first meeting with the Indian. The three figures at the top of the picture, representing the Trinity, are beautifully drawn; and the whole design is spirited. This picture was being destroyed by leaking rain, and its base was nearly hidden by a pile of dirt. It has now been inclosed in a frame, and is to be more perfectly restored. Kansas people will not fail to visit the Guadalupe church, to see the painting and listen to the explanation by their former fellow-citizen. In the sacristy was pru-

dently concealed a hideous picture taken from the church, and the worthy Father was kind enough not to dispute the writer's expressed belief that the artist is now in purgatory.

There are other churches, but those mentioned are the most interesting.

In another letter, other points of interest will be mentioned. This letter is addressed confidentially to Kansans at home, to tell them the "lay of the land." They should visit Santa Fé, if they propose to do so, at once. They will find friends here in the shape of former acquaintances, and will make more after they get here. In particular, they will meet a pleasant welcome from Governor Sheldon, to whom the writer is indebted for many courtesies. They will find now many things which a few years later will have disappeared. It is but forty-eight hours' ride from Atchison to Santa Fé, and in that distance you seem to have passed from one world to another. Leaving things modern and familiar, you can be surrounded here by strange faces, strange houses, strange churches, and all around a frame of mountains as charming as the Delectable Mountains which rose before the delighted vision of Bunyan's Pilgrim. And so, "more anon."

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT SANTA FÉ.

SANTA FÉ is the historical center of New Mexico, and its civil, ecclesiastical and military capital. The seat of the first is, as it has been for two hundred years continuously, the long adobe building which forms one side of the plaza, and which is the only building in the United States called, of right, a "palace." Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon sits literally in the place of the royal governors, and the Mexican Republican Governors and political chiefs who have ruled in all sorts of fashions this queer old country. He wears the mantle of the brave Otermin, the lofty Marquis de Penuela, he of the many titles; of the unfortunate Perez, of Margales, last of the Spanish rulers, and so on down. The palace is a long, low, shadowy building, with a wide porch, and if all the varied characters who for two centuries or more have walked under that porch and have entered those deep-set doors, could at one time "revisit the glimpses of the moon" for the benefit of the present incumbent, he could a tale unfold more wonderful than Hamlet, or Macbeth, or the guilty Richard. Proud Grandee of Spain, from the streets of Seville or the banks of the Guadalquivir; long-robed Franciscan; fierce and wily Indian; aspiring Mexican chieftain; American soldier; Kit Carson, and all the famous men of the plain and mountain, have walked under the *portal* of the old palace. In one room, piled in dusty heaps, breast high, are papers and parchments which may yet prove a mine more precious than gold to the patient historian. Beginning with the story of the re-conquest of the country, by Diego del Vargas, written in 1693, these papers cover all of life in New Mexico until the day when a new and strange flag waved above the Palace, and Governors speaking a new language reigned within its walls. Somewhere in these heaps is a paper of great interest to the writer. It is a detailed statement of the expenses incurred in the arrest and detention of Captain Zebulon

M. Pike, a hero whose name and fame there is an humble effort to preserve in the sketch, "Pike, of Pike's Peak." The custodian of the archives is Mr. Ellison, the Territorial Librarian, who looks nearly as old as his charge.

While no adequate appropriation has ever been made to have the papers arranged, classified and preserved, Mr. Ellison has regarded their care as a labor of love. During eight months that he was a sufferer from a broken limb, he solaced with these old documents the weary hours. He showed me some of the oldest records. They are on fine Italian paper, the writing covering only the right half of the page, leaving room for remarks and annotations. The handwriting is clear and the ink scarcely faded. Those old Spaniards did some things very well. It is noticeable that the older the records the more care is displayed in their preparation.

A thoughtful person seeing these papers longs to penetrate the mysteries of the early history of New Mexico, but really very little has been drawn from this source. Judge Rich, who is to New Mexico what Judge Frank Adams is to Kansas, has collected many books on the history of Mexico and New Mexico, but there is nothing which can be called a history of the latter. Of the modern books, "El Gringo," by a Pennsylvanian named Davis, who was Attorney General of the Territory twenty-five years ago, is as good as any. Davis appears to have been a one-horse politician, entirely destitute of imagination, quite commonplace, and troubled with a clumsy and elephantine humor; but his story is a straight one, and has the merit of brevity.

The history of New Mexico will be found an uneventful one. From the days of the Spanish conquest but two serious revolutions have occurred, that of 1680, when the Spaniards were driven out by the Indians, and that of 1837, when Gov. Perez was murdered. The Indians had been nominally Christianized in 1837, and yet behaved with more ferocity than in 1680. An attempt at insurrection against the United States, shortly after the occupation by the Americans, was easily suppressed by Col. Price, afterwards Gen. Sterling Price, of the Confederate army.

The truth is, New Mexico was until recently a far-away coun-

try. Shut in by mountains or immense plains, it was a land apart. The Mexican revolution, which for ten years preceding 1820 deluged Old Mexico with blood, was scarcely heard of in New Mexico, and the country submitted to the Americans with hardly a show of resistance. Whether it was Spanish Governor General, Mexican political chief, or American Governor appointed at Washington, Santa Fé has always been the capital, and all the varying forms of sovereignty have been accepted with about equal resignation. The vigorous and arbitrary rule of the Spanish is, however, best remembered, and occasionally Gov. Sheldon is appealed to by some simple Mexican in a way that indicates belief in his absolute power to do what he likes — a lingering relic of the effect of old-time rule.

Santa Fé is the capital of a province not limited by the boundaries of New Mexico, but embracing Colorado and a vast stretch of mountain country, and the head of that great spiritual empire is the Archbishop of Santa Fé. His face is recognized and his authority exercised over a larger region, probably, than owns the sway of any other Archbishop in the Catholic church; and in town or country, in civilized city or Indian pueblo, from Oregon to the boundary of Mexico, all along the backbone of the continent, the best-known name is that of the Rt. Rev. John B. Lamy. Civil Governors come and go, but this tall, slender, elderly Franco-American remains with unchanging and unbroken power. Under his rule and through his energy Santa Fé is becoming one of the great seats of Catholic education and influence, with a cathedral, a hospital and schools, all projected on a scale which may be termed vast, and which will preserve his name for unknown time to come.

The Bishop's Garden is one of the sights of Santa Fé. Coming early into possession of a plat of ground containing a spring sufficient to irrigate the whole city of Santa Fé, he has created such a spot of greenery as must surprise the barren mountain-peaks which look down upon it. Within that high adobe wall grows every fruit tree which will exist in the climate and altitude, and although the Archbishop has passed nearly all his life in this country, there is a reminiscence of France in the formal

little garden which is distinctively his own, with its pears and grapes trained against the wall, as you see them in Normandy. It was in this little garden, walking to and fro with his breviary in his hand, that the writer saw the famous Archbishop of the Mountains for the first, possibly for the last, time. The Archbishop's house is built after the Mexican fashion, its *placita* opening directly on the street. In the center of the neat little court was found a fountain, and two beautiful little children, with a Mexican nurse girl, were playing about, for the apartments, except a few occupied by the Archbishop, are rented. The doors and the regular entrance to the garden were found closed, but one of the little girls went toddling and prattling about, insisting that she knew the road, and so by a circuitous and forbidden path we entered the grounds. We loitered about, admiring the ponds with their myriads of fish, the paths, the white-blossomed strawberries, and every detail of the little Eden, when we suddenly came face to face with the owner of the grounds, who had evidently thought that he had securely shut out the world. The situation into which our little volunteer guide had led us was, for a moment, embarrassing, but the Archbishop soon recovered from his surprise, and treated us with his accustomed politeness; and his tall figure, his fine eyes and commanding features seemed appropriately framed in the bright surroundings. He showed us his parlor, with a fine carved marble mantel made by a native New-Mexican, and pictures and embroideries, the work of pupils in his schools. He explained that once he lived for months in Santa Fé without seeing a foreign visitor, but now, with the advent of the railroad, hundreds of excursionists visited the grounds, and, he intimated, trespassed somewhat on his time and patience. Going out into the court, we found the little author of our troubles in company with her younger sister, radiant with triumph over her achievement in showing us the grounds. She was caught up and soundly kissed for her wickedness.

Santa Fé is, beside its civil and ecclesiastical supremacy, the military headquarters of the district, as it was in the old Spanish time. The Government has reserved several squares which are

inclosed in high walls and covered with one-story adobe barracks, and the neat residences of the officers. The garrison band usually plays in the little shaded plaza three times a week, and is one of the attractions of the town. At the time of our visit the troops had gone in search of Indians, and the parade and barracks seemed quite forlorn.

There was a town before Santa Fé was founded, and no one may know how old it was, and there still exists, six miles from Santa Fé, the pueblo of Tesuque, in form and construction exactly the same as it was in the days of Cortez. I rode out to it in company with Dr. Seibor, formerly of Ellsworth, who had never visited it before, and consequently our inspection was not as thorough and intelligent as it might have been, though very pleasant. The road runs over a high ridge, and for much of the distance in the bed of a long, dried-up river. The scene was thoroughly New-Mexican. The sun-burnt road, the thousands of yellow, sun-blistered and serried ridges, covered with a thin growth of cedars and piñon, and the groups of burros loaded with wood, and driven by Indians; and occasionally a party of American prospectors mounted on gaunt horses, with their burros with sacks of flour and other necessities, marching on before. All these men carried arms and looked serious. I think the solemn mountains and the purple sky have a tendency to make people quiet and sedate, even without an uncertain tenure to one's scalp being added. Indians were seen plowing in the fields by the roadside. They used a plow made of three sticks—a big long one for the beam, a sharp one for the share, and a crooked one for the handle. The plows ricocheted along at the heels of diminutive black-and-white oxen. The Indian costume is very simple: it consists of hair, shirt and leggins. The Pueblo Indian is the inventor of that capillary mutilation known as the "bang." His heavy black hair hangs over his forehead, and is cut square across even with his eyebrows. It is very sweet. In childhood the hair is cut close to the head, with the exception of a fringe round the lower border, which curls up like a duck's tail. This adds a great charm to Pueblo infancy.

A pueblo is a big mud house built around a court. In con-

struction it reverses the principle of a block-house. The upper story, instead of projecting, is withdrawn. The householder ascends to the top of a lower story by a ladder, and enters "up-stairs" by a door. If there were no ladder he could shin up the lightning-rod. A door on the ground floor would hurt the feelings of the late Montezuma. We entered several apartments, including that of the Governor, who has a T-shaped opening in the front of his house through which he can look out and see everything. He was looking when we met him, assisted by his wife and child. All three just sat and looked. When spoken to they made no reply, but just looked. In the course of a year they must see a great deal. Occasionally a woman or child came out on the upper deck, like a prairie dog, and took a look. Others were at work cutting wood. In an apartment we saw a girl, whose costume consisted of two yards of half-width calico arranged in festoons, grinding meal. A slab of hard rock is fastened at an incline in a trough, and the corn is rubbed on this with a stone rolling-pin. The little soft black-and-white corn is worn up very rapidly. The rooms were swept very clean, but pervaded with a peculiar and pungent odor. The Pueblos are ugly, sullen, personally dirty, and very industrious. They are nominally Catholics, but are said to be in fact heathen, who believe in the second coming of Montezuma. They seemed to be looking for him when I saw them. The Tesuque Indians are said to be poorer and less aristocratic than those of other Pueblos. In the matter of ugliness they cannot be excelled by any Indians I have seen except our own lost Kaws. Some Apaches who came into Santa Fé on horseback looked like noblemen beside the citizens of Tesuque.

I tried, from the conversation of old residents, to reconstruct the old-time Santa Fé, but in vain. Contrary to my previous belief, I found Santa Fé during the days of the old overland trade was a quiet town. The traders parked their wagons on the plaza, and camped themselves on a piece of ground known as the "United States." Each wagon paid a license of \$500. The principal occupation was gambling, and the most famous gambler in Santa Fé was a native woman, Gertrudes Barcelone,

who died rich and was buried with all the honors of the church. The native people have changed their costume and habits by almost imperceptible degrees, but enough remains to interest the traveler. There is an old curiosity shop on San Francisco street which will tell you more in half an hour than I can in many letters. The sulky clerk will say nothing to you if you do not speak to him, and you will be at liberty to examine the collection at your leisure. Such old swords, such daggers, such books from mouldy convents, such costumes, Spanish, Mexican and Indian, you will not find elsewhere. In that odd place you can weave your dreams into a continuous web from Cabeza de Vaca to Governor Sheldon. If you would further call up the spirits of the past, go, if you are a man and not too scrupulous, into a saloon or dancing-hall, and ask the Mexican guitarist and his Italian companions with their violins to play for you "La Fresca Rosa," or the fine air of "Cinco de Mayo." In hearing it you will perceive and almost feel for yourself that uncaring and idle spirit which has enabled these New-Mexicans to live on, unresisting and content, alike under oppression and freedom, amid the gathering dust of eventless centuries or the noise and stir of these last progressive years. The tinkle and the tang of the guitar, a fresh cigarette, the invariable "*quien sabe*" to every troublesome question, are enough, and the crazy world may go on with all its busy madness for all that José or Jesus Maria cares. You know all this when you hear the music, and you momentarily adopt the sentiment as your own.

There are a few towns it is a pleasure or a necessity to forget. You would not remember them if you could; you could not if you would. But I doubt if I ever lose anything of the impressions of dusty, "dobe" Santa Fé. Possibly the kindness I received there would preserve the memory of the old place if there were nothing else, but the people and the place will serve each to keep the recollection of the other.

Of Santa Fé as a business point I can say but little, since I have no weakness for business of any sort, but I know that if I was dyspeptic, worn out, a-weary of the world, tired of living and yet afraid of dying, I should come to Santa Fé in the sum-

mer-time and take some big, high white washed rooms in a Mexican house, with the fireplace in the corner; and with books at home and a horse to ride abroad, I believe I could find a new body and a fresh soul. I would lounge on the plaza and admire the unique ugliness of the three old cronès who have haunted it from time immemorial, and do nothing with great care and elaboration for awhile, and then I would return to the United States and join the "march of progress," which is doubtless a great thing, but which makes many people footsore.

What has been written has been written as the truth. I can only hope that such of my friends as may visit Santa Fé hereafter may find there as much to cheer and interest them as I did.

ALBUQUERQUE AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

LEAVING Santa Fé in the middle of a bright afternoon (all afternoons are bright now), we arrived without disturbance at Lamy Junction, and lay around for the passenger train bound south, which, however, was preceded by an excursion train loaded with a party from Massachusetts. These excursions are a feature of the "Santa Fé's" business this season, and have resulted in bringing more gentlemen with gray side-whiskers and more ladies with eye-glasses into these western wilds, than were ever known before. This party was piloted as several others have been lately, by my old and valued friend Col. Ed. Haren, and it was a sort of satisfaction to know that these Massachusetts Republicans were under the guidance of an ex-Confederate Missourian. Too many of a kind is no good.

On Lamy, when the sun was low, the passenger train descended from the heights of the Glorieta pass, and we journeyed on through cliffs, boulders, sand plains, mesas, mountains, and the miscellaneous geology of this country, till in the starlight another famous river was added to those mine eyes have seen, to wit: the Rio Grande. It is a cousin to the Missouri, the Platte and the Arkansas. Like the latter, it has low banks and a double bottom like the Great American Ballot Box used in close districts. It is extensively used for irrigation purposes, but apparently loses nothing. If all the water were bailed out of it, plenty more would rise out of its sands. Rivers of this character are evidently intended for irrigating purposes, and nothing else.

At Wallace, where we stopped for supper, was a mixed multitude. United States people in every variety; bareheaded Mexican women smoking cigarettes; and Indians from a neighboring pueblo were standing around in their striped blankets and trying to sell turquoise and smoked topaz. The town was suffering or enjoying an Indian scare. Two or three Apaches had come into

town, so it was said, and it was expected that they would come back with their friends and relatives. To meet the possible invaders, a military company had been organized and was marching about in the dusk, the martial music being extracted from a tin pan. The "tame" Indians paid no attention to these warlike preparations, and evidently thought that the regular run of the turquoise business would not be interfered with by the Apaches.

Albuquerque was the next point of interest. This town is Kansas headquarters, and here the Kansan abroad is at home. In Albuquerque it is said the justices of the peace are sworn to support the constitution and laws of the State of Kansas. If some wandering Kansas politician in search of votes should straggle over the line into Albuquerque he would never know the difference.

Albuquerque, like Las Vegas, is two towns, but New Albuquerque is newer and Old Albuquerque is older than corresponding portions of Las Vegas. Las Vegas has a name signifying "The Meadows." Albuquerque was named for no less a person than the great Duke of Albuquerque, Viceroy of Mexico. In point of age, Albuquerque is one of the "way-up" towns, standing in the class with Santa Fé.

One of the pleasures of a trip to New Mexico is the opportunity afforded to compare the very new with the very old, and I have visited no place where this contrast is so sharp as at Albuquerque. At Las Vegas there is nothing very old, since the Mexican town was not started until 1835; at Santa Fé the new and old are somewhat mixed and blended; but at Albuquerque, taking the two towns together, you have your comparison clear and distinct. In the new town you see the American settlement of two years old; in the old town the Spanish settlement of two hundred years old. In the new town there is scarcely a Mexican house in its original or any other shape; in the old there is scarcely an American house. The new town is full of stir; the old full of quietness. The new town has every modern improvement; the old, no change. You take the street cars in the new town and you go in a few moments from 1882 to 1668. The people, the avocations, the religion even, of the two places are

all different. Sin is said to be as old as man and time, but even the vices of the new town are those of young communities. The new town plays poker with a high hand, and the old sticks to monte in the shade.

Familiar as I am with the growth of towns in the West, I have never seen anything so rapid as that of the new town of Albuquerque. A town of shanties not unfrequently comes into being inside of a couple of years, but very seldom does a town spring into existence with daily papers, depots, railroad shops, big hotels, large wholesale establishments, gas works and a street railway, within the space of twenty-four months. This is, without exaggeration, what has happened at Albuquerque the younger. Of course I availed myself of the opportunity to look at both towns. The new town did not require careful inspection. It is spread out on broad streets, so much lumber, brick and mortar, and more coming; but the old town is a different matter. A curious maze of spreading adobe houses, with long, wooden-pillared porches, is old Albuquerque. It is situated on the banks of the Rio Grande, and *acequias* run all around and all over it. The most prominent feature in all Mexican towns is the ditch. It has the right of way against everything else. The flowing water comes suddenly from under an adobe wall and runs across the road and under another wall and out into a field, where it divides into a dozen streams, or spreads all around among the alfalfa or wheat. The pedestrian on the plaza suddenly encounters a stream running across his path. It is the water let on above by some unseen party, who is sending the precious fluid to gladden his garden half a mile off, or to furnish mud for his adobe-making operations. In driving about the country, you drive over the all-pervading ditch a dozen times in as many hundred yards, and the power of water on this, to a Kansas man, wretched-looking soil, red as a bummers' nose and full of young boulders, is wonderful. The very cottonwood, in this country a spreading shade tree, takes on a brighter green. At Albuquerque and all along the valley of the Rio Grande are vineyards, planted long ago, bearing the Mission grape, introduced by the Franciscans, and said to be, by all New-Mexicans, native and adopted,

the finest grape in the world. The vines are not trained on walls or trellises, or suffered to run up trees, as in Italy; they are cut back till they give up trying to be vines at all, and turn into scrubby, gnarled and knotty bushes. Each bush can be counted on for a given number of bunches of grapes.

While John Price, now liveryman of Albuquerque, New Town, formerly of North Topeka, Kansas, was driving me about, we visited the Indian school about a mile from the elder Albuquerque. The school is primarily a mission establishment of the Presbyterian church, but it is also a Government boarding school for young Indians; the Government of the United States paying \$125 per annum toward the board, clothing and education of each Indian pupil.

The school has taken possession of a former Mexican farm house, one of those rambling affairs which extend over a great acre of ground, with rooms enough for a hotel; and here we found about forty "little Injuns" under the principalship of Professor Shearer, formerly of Concordia, assisted by several ladies appointed by the Presbyterian Board. The little Indians were recruited at the different pueblos of New Mexico, it being thought, perhaps, that the agricultural Indians would take more kindly to civilized ways than the children of the wild people. So here they were, forty dusky little Indians of unmixed blood, for the Pueblos do not intermarry with any other people. They were dressed in the clumsy clothes which civilization has imposed on us, and which we make it a duty to impose on other people, and were being taught the infernal intricacies of English orthography. They sang a hymn, and at my especial request, the bold anthem of "Johnny Schmoker." I thought that barbarous enough to gratify their native instincts, and make them feel happy. Prof. Shearer and his assistants are kind and conscientious, and do, I doubt not, all they can for their copper-colored charges; but at the risk of being called a heathen man and a publican, I will say that the experiment impressed me unfavorably. As a Kansas man, I have always been warmly in favor of killing Indians, but I do not like to see anybody tormented, and it seems to me that is all these Indian-educational experiments amount to.

These children speak Spanish: what is the use of teaching them English? If they grow up at their native pueblos they will plow, and cut wood and sell it, and work after their fashion. Why put them in the harness in a manual-labor school? They have Indian names. Why change them? They have Indian dresses. Why put them into horrid coats and hideous pants? It is not natural, and I do not believe it is healthful. I am told that the Indian boys sent to Carlisle cannot endure the climate, and die off. The same fact is observable elsewhere. I have a profound respect for everybody's good intentions, but I do wish there was some way to let the Indians alone. I had rather have seen one of these little Indian boys dressed in a shirt, or a liver pad, or a postage stamp, trotting happy and unconcerned around his native adobe, and bearing his own Indian name, and growing up an Indian, than to see him dressed up in uncomfortable clothes, with his name changed to Hezekiah Jones, and that instrument of torture, an English spelling-book in his hand. This may be what, in the language of the Pacific-coast humorist, is called a "flowery break," but what I have seen has sickened me with our whole system of Indian management. If the whole business could be settled on the principle of "you let me alone and I will let you alone," I think heaven and earth would have reason to rejoice.

In this connection I may say that I have been impressed by the views of Mr. Bandelier, a scientist, who has lived in Indian villages and studied the inhabitants. He says that the Spanish in Mexico, after a century or so of persecution and interference, finally concluded to let the Indians alone, save that they were obliged to accept the Catholic religion. The Indians took as much of this religion as they wanted, and let the rest alone. In other matters the Indians were left to do as they pleased; govern themselves in their villages, preserve their customs, their tribal relations, etc. In time, of themselves, they abandoned their ancient ways, became citizens, took part in the affairs of the country, furnished soldiers and generals for the Mexican army, and Benito Juarez, the greatest man Mexico has produced, was an Indian of unmixed blood. I do not believe the Mexican

Indians differ much in nature from our Indians, yet how different the result in "benighted Mexico," as we are fond of calling it, and the United States. We began wrong and have followed along with a mixture of treaties and fights, and Bibles and whisky, and missionaries and thieves, and fraud and force, and annuities and starvation, and we have the cheek all the time to call it an "Indian policy." The result is, that the Indian has now no fate but death. Put him in school, and he dies of pneumonia or consumption; turn him loose, and he kills himself with whisky; put him on a reservation, and he breaks out and kills the first man he meets; and after giving a great deal of trouble, gets killed himself. This is what the most pious, the most enlightened, the cutest, the smartest, the most ingenious Nation on earth does about Indians.

Among the pleasant incidents of my visit to Albuquerque was a trip to Bear cañon. It may be stated, in the first place, that every modern New-Mexican town has its own mountains or range of mountains, and that each mountain or range has its cañon or cañons. The distance from town varies from three to eighteen miles; consequently this is the chosen land of picnics. The cañon always furnishes a resort, and you know it will never rain till July. A sort of picnic was the gathering in the Bear cañon, twelve miles from Albuquerque.

The party consisted of Mr. W. S. Burke, formerly of the Leavenworth *Times*; Capt. George E. Beates, of Junction City, now employed on Government surveys in Arizona; Mr. Whitney; a driver, name unknown; the writer; and an old prospector, who, naturally gifted in that direction, has developed by practice into the most enormous liar in the Territory of New Mexico. It was up hill all the way across the dry sloping prairie that stretches to the foot of the Sandias, but I think he gave us a lie for each revolution of the wagon wheels. Being quite deaf, he could not hear the glowing falsehoods which were returned him as a sort of small change for his tremendous fabrications, but he was very, very happy as it was. His object was to show us indications of mineral he had discovered in the cañon, but his labor was in vain. After our experience on the way up, he might

have tumbled into a two-foot streak of twenty-dollar gold pieces, and we would not have believed in him.

The cañon, to return to the object of the excursion, was found a beautiful spot; a winding cleft amid enormous piles of rock massed in every fantastic shape, and finally solidifying into perpendicular cliffs. A mountain stream clear as crystal flowed over a bed of shining gravel, but utterly disappeared in the sands within a hundred yards from the mouth of the cañon. So the little stream goes on day and night, year after year, with its fruitless labors, gathering the melted snow from the mountain-top—gathering from each spring along its way, only to pour its flood at last upon the evil and unthankful desert of the plain.

SOCORRO.

AT Albuquerque the matter of mining stares you in the face, and you are obliged to confront the question whether you are a miner, a prospector, or a mining broker; whether you have mines to buy or mines to sell; in short, to decide whether you have any past, present or future interests in mines.

For myself, I have no earthly interest in any mine or mines, and unless the knowledge is acquired on the present journey I shall never really know anything about mines. This ignorance I enjoy in common with a vast number of my fellow-citizens who pretend to know more. There is no subject on which more notes of talk are issued on a small paid-up capital of knowledge than this question of mining. As some of the most inveterate gamblers I have ever known were men who had no skill at cards and never could acquire any, so these mountains and mesas are full of men talking about carbonates and chlorides and sulphurets, and spending their own money, but more frequently the money of other people who have no practical knowledge of mines or mining, and whose words and opinions are of no more value than the gentle warblings of a burro. From such it is of course useless to seek information, and yet they are the men who presume to instruct the "tender-foot," as they call the man who has arrived in the country two weeks later than themselves.

At Albuquerque I was a-weary of the talk about prospects and "good indications" and assays, and all that, and went to Socorro to see a mine in active operation and sending ore to the smelter or stamp mill.

The journey from Albuquerque to Socorro was made in the night, and no note can be made of the scenery along the road. Socorro was seen for the first time in the early light of the next morning.

Socorro is a Spanish word, signifying "succor." It is said to derive its name from the fact that the fugitives from Santa Fé, driven out by the Indians in 1680, here received help from their countrymen at El Paso. The story as told now is that the Spaniards were shut up in a pueblo at or near the present site of Socorro, and that a messenger jumped down a rock 200 feet high, spreading out his coat tail and using it as a parachute, and so reaching the ground in safety, made his way to El Paso and returned with help. The story of the jump I do not believe by several feet, nor do I believe it is of native origin. It sounds like a story invented in front of the old Tefft House in Topeka, and enlarged by the effects of the New-Mexican climate. However, whether the story of Socorro is true or not, the town is here; a good-looking Mexican town to begin with, with a sort of double plaza and an adobe church of great antiquity and extreme ugliness. The American town is joined on to the Mexican town, and will probably inclose it in time. I have not seen in the suburbs of any other New-Mexican town so many pleasant homes. The irrigating business is carried on extensively, as at old Albuquerque, and surrounding the town is the same maze of narrow lanes with high adobe walls. Many cottonwoods and other trees flourish along the banks of the *acequias*. One lane and one tree has a history. Up this lane the vigilantes were accustomed to march gentlemen who were no longer useful nor ornamental in society, and on this gentle and unpretending cottonwood, with a limb projecting over the dusty lane, they were hung, the top of the garden wall serving as the platform of the scaffold. This severe treatment was so efficacious that it is no longer needful, and the last parties to a "hold-up" were only horse-whipped and compelled to leave the town. These little episodes are unpleasant, but they serve to decide whether a town shall be ruled by its roughs or its better element.

It must not be understood, however, that courts and the judicial ermine, and the scales of justice, do not exist in New Mexico. I saw the United States court in session at old Albuquerque. The hall of justice was in a low-ceiled room in an adobe building near the plaza. Two lawyers were enlightening the court on the

subject of deeds. The jury, composed of Mexicans, did not understand a word of it all, and looked as stupid and miserable as the average American jury. His Honor, a newly-arrived New-Yorker, seemed to have a pained and apprehensive look; perhaps, however, he was only trying to look judicial. There was a crowd of lawyers. They were as thick as fiddlers in a place formerly much talked about. It is needless to say that an attorney from Larned, Kansas, sat in the midst. The whole scene was as tiresome as a district court in the United States. It is well; if people will have civilization and enlightenment, let them take the consequences.

Socorro boasts one of the few stamp mills and smelters in this part of New Mexico. From the multiplicity of mines and mining companies one would suppose these structures would be as common as school houses in Kansas. They are not, however. A stamp mill is a mill whose ground grist is silver, with which you can buy anything, except an interest in the kingdom of heaven: A stamp mill, therefore, seen for the first time, is a matter worthy of inspection.

The stamp mill at Socorro is an average structure of the kind, I suppose. It cost more than it ought to, owing to a variety of untoward circumstances. The gentleman who showed me over it said that such a mill, under favorable conditions, could be built for \$45,000. A stamp mill is in appearance very much like a coal breaker—a high, raw-boned affair, with an inclined railway up which the ore, which looks like red dust and broken sandstone, is hauled in little iron cars. Once at the top of the house, the ore is fed from a hopper into a sort of iron jaw, which cracks it, and then water is introduced and it goes down under the stamps. These stamps are pillars, or rather pestles, of chilled iron, which are lifted and dropped by a cam movement, which at the same time gives them a rotary motion. Every Yankee boy who has ever “pounded out corn” in a barrel can understand the operation. The pounding process is the most natural, and is superior to any grinding machinery. The ore reduced to a powder with water, drops down into various tanks and is subjected to the action of salt and hot water, which effects chloridization, what-

ever that is, and finally the junction of the silver with quicksilver is effected. This mass of silver and quicksilver is retorted, *i. e.*, it is heated in a retort; the quicksilver is vaporized and passes over to be condensed and saved with very little waste, and the silver remains. This is the amalgamation process which everybody in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and California knows all about, but of which thousands of people in Kansas have no adequate conception. This process seems very complicated and scientific, but it was practiced in this country by the Spaniards centuries ago. With their rude machinery they did not do as much in a given time as we do, but our processes are in substance the same. Col. George Noble, formerly of the Kansas Pacific, who has looked at many old Spanish mines, says no ore is found in the waste. They dug out all the ore and carried it "clear away." They evidently knew all about mining.

The smelter was not running, and so I can tell nothing of the operations. When I get farther along in my education I will describe it. There is a distinction between ores, some requiring the amalgamation process; others the smelting. I am not "way up" enough yet in the business to describe the difference. The stamp mill at Socorro is employed exclusively on the ore from the Torrence mine, of which more further on.

Back of Socorro, if a town can be said to have a back, and three miles away, rises a high-shouldered eminence, not so sharp and flinty as most New-Mexican mountains, called Socorro Mountain, and from it comes silver and warm water. Through the kindness of Mr. Walker, formerly of Holton, Kansas, we were furnished a conveyance, and Dr. Lapham, of Socorro, as a guide. We journeyed along over a plain covered with yellow flowers, a sort of Mexican cross between a buttercup and a dandelion, and kept close to an *acequia* filled with warm water. This stream, conveyed in troughs, turns the high, narrow overshot wheels of no less than three little grist mills, which formerly ground a good deal of wheat raised by the Mexicans in the Rio Grande valley. A hot-water mill can count for a novelty. The spring was reached at the foot of the mountain, or a low-lying spur of it. The water comes out of a cleft in the rocks, and

forms a pool fifty feet long by twenty-five wide. The water is so clear that the atmosphere forms the only comparison. The water is not hot, but warm. A red crag rises perpendicularly from the water. A visitor usually says: "I think this rock is volcanic in its origin." In this case it is in order for some other visitor to say: "You are quite mistaken; it is sedimentary." How imposing are these discussions in which neither party knows anything about the question.

Whether the heat of the spring is due to volcanic or chemical action, it is a great blessing to Socorro. It has uncommon cleansing properties, both for people and shirts; it turns grist mills, waters gardens, and is occasionally drunk with other substances, which in their effect confirm the volcanic theory.

Our guide proved most entertaining and instructive, and after pointing out the beauty and usefulness of the spring, we went on to the "front and center" of the mountain, to the Torrence mine.

The mouth of the mine is covered by a building a hundred yards from the base. A silver mine is a clean mine; there is nothing black about it. It is all white or red dust of unknown depth, and piles of ore and waste. The first thing that strikes the observer at the Torrence is the solid finish and apparent cost of everything. The engine, the buildings, the wire cables, all spoke of money spent.

Under the guidance of Mr. Newton, the superintendent, we went down the slope into the mine. The entrance, like all the rest of the mine, is planked on the sides and overhead. It was like a long box. When we reached the bottom of the slope, which was done by means of steps, we had descended 203 feet.

The ore in the Torrence lies in a stratum tipped up at an angle of forty-five degrees. Consequently, galleries are run in at different levels, the main gallery being the lowest. Then the miner follows the vein upward along the incline, and this is called "stopping." Occasionally the vein "swells"—that is, becomes wider—and sometimes it "pinches." But wherever it goes the miner follows it as a ferret follows a rat. If it goes down, he goes down, and if it goes up, he climbs the slopes. If he loses it, he finds it again. Wherever that red-and-white streak goes,

there he goes. It seemed strange, that eager and toilsome burrowing down in the depths of the earth after a few pounds of shining metal which few of us can get hold of after all.

The mine was perfectly free from water or even dampness. New Mexico must be dry clear to the bottom. The hill in which the mine is situated seems a pile of loose rocks—the walls broke down easily before the pick. But this easy digging makes timbering necessary, and a great amount of native lumber has been used up.

There are now about one hundred men in the mine. Those addressed were Americans and bright men, who spoke as if they could own a mine if they wished. In fact, many of them are prospectors who have gone below ground to raise a stake, and when they have got another start will continue their quest for a mine which shall make them rich in a minute.

But while we are talking about mines, all the stories pale before those told of the Lake Valley group—stories of ore so fine that a lighted candle will melt the lead and leave pure silver; stories of offers of \$50,000 for the ore one man could dig out in six hours; stories of the Bridal Chamber, lined with silver and lead so that a pick driven into the wall sticks as if driven into a mass of putty. And they say these mines are owned by Quakers in Philadelphia. So goes luck in this world: while hundreds of miners, experts, gamblers, speculators, etc., are charging wildly over the country, betting and losing, these sleek Quakers come in for the fattest silver mine in creation. It is all so wonderful that I shall make an effort to go to Lake Valley.

Dr. L., without making pretensions to being an antiquarian, has visited many places of antiquity in New Mexico, and among them a point sixty miles from Socorro known as Gran Quivira. Here are the remains, now utterly deserted, of a very large town. It is now fifteen miles from water, yet there are traces of ditches. This town has a ruined church, and this was the Quivira of Coronado. At the risk of being no longer allowed to live in Kansas, I must say that nobody in New Mexico believes that Coronado ever visited Kansas. This is humiliating, particularly since Major Inman has marched him directly to the bluff

of South Fourth street, Atchison, on which Senator Ingalls's residence is at present located. The claim has been insisted on because Coronado describes his meeting with the buffalo; but those beasts have, within the memory of living man, been seen within twenty miles of Albuquerque. I am afraid Coronado as a Kansas explorer is a myth. It is a consolation to know, however, that if he failed to discover Kansas plenty of better men have found it.

A GLIMPSE OF MEXICO.

THE train leaving Socorro for the southwest at one o'clock in the morning crosses the famous Jornada del Muerto before it is daylight, consequently I did not see the desolate region made familiar to Kansas readers by one of "Deane Monahan's" striking sketches. But I may say here, that where I have had the opportunity for observation, I have had occasion to testify to the charming fidelity of our Kansas writer to every detail of New-Mexican life and scenery.

Shortly after leaving the borders of the Jornada, we entered upon what a fellow-passenger assured me was the "Garden of New Mexico." He referred to the borders of the Rio Grande, in which are located the vineyards and orchards of Las Cruces. But for the railroad, it is evidently "over the garden wall," running through a land devoted to rocks, soap-weed and cactus, the most prominent of the hundred or so varieties of the latter being what a friend calls the "broom-handle" species, which throws up its leafless arms like a devil-fish, and at the end of each bears a single brilliant scarlet flower.

Fort Selden, standing in a wilderness, I took for an abandoned adobe, when several blue-coats made their appearance amid the roofless walls. The post has been reoccupied by a portion of the large force now concentrating in this region to chase a few score Indians. The next military establishment passed was a neat little post, Fort Bliss. Here was an immense pile of the roots of the mesquite, used for fuel, for here, as an "old residenter" remarks, you climb for water and dig for wood.

Here was El Paso, "The Pass," where the Rio Grande breaks through a rocky barrier; where the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé crowds by with it; and once through it you are at the northern gate of Mexico. The Spaniards long ago recognized this

fact, and named their town El Paso del Norte—the Pass of the North. The Americans caught at the idea, and re-named an old Texas town El Paso also.

This tawny town is the dividing line between two Nations. That low shore beyond the swift yellow stream is Mexico, a foreign land. Mexico: the name was associated with some of my earliest recollections. The “Mexican war,” a great war until it and all our other wars were lost in a mightier struggle, began with the first link of the continuous chain of my memory. What heroes they were—Taylor and Scott, and Ringgold with his flying artillery, and Capt. May with his dragoons. How Capt. May used to “show up” in the pictures, riding over the Mexican guns and the green-coated cannoneers; and how colossal we thought the battles, Resaca de la Palma, and Palo Alto, and Molino del Rey, and Buena Vista. We remember, now, only that certain great generals were lieutenants in those battles. Notwithstanding all that, the impressions of childhood are hard to overcome, and Mexico has always been to me a land of interest, a land to be visited sometime—and here at last was Mexico.

The American town of El Paso, although a growing place, the junction of the Southern Pacific, Texas Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé roads, failed for the time to interest me, even though I found at the Grand Central my old friend Col. George Noble, who sat up with the Kansas Pacific in its infancy, but has now retired from railroading and is devoted to town lots and mines, with, the neighbors say, satisfactory financial results. I crossed the river at the first opportunity, and stood on the soil of Mexico. A young Mexican with a revolver and cartridge-belt, who said “Bueno,” as the carriage went off the ferry-boat, was the only evidence of a foreign national sovereignty.

The American Consul in Paso del Norte is Mr. Richardson, but the American official most visited by his fellow-countrymen is Governor George T. Anthony, Superintendent of the Mexican Central Railroad. He was found in his office, looking much the same as when he transacted business in the southeast corner of the capitol at Topeka, save perhaps a trifle older from passing years and much hard work.

This at last was a genuine Mexican town, still sporting the cactus and the eagle; no New Mexico affair, subjected to thirty-six years of the rule of the "*Estados Unidos del Norte*," as I saw it on a Mexican map. Well, hardly; for in going up the street I saw the sign "The Little Church Around the Corner;" the American rum mill had crossed the frontier. Still it was Mexican. Dark faces, two-story huts with a piazza all around, and women sitting flat on the narrow bulkheads, made of "cobblestones," were the rule, and fair faces and a swinging gait the exception. The streets were narrow, almost deserted by wheeled carriages, with the interminable wall of adobe, white plastered houses stretching away on either side, and fairly shining in the sun. It was so still; so unlike the Texas town on the other side; so unlike anything under the American heaven. Of course there was the church, plastered to shining whiteness on the outside, much more imposing than the churches in New Mexico, which stand unadorned but not beautiful in their native mud color. Having read "The Priest of El Paso," we went to see him. He was found to be an old man, very seedily dressed in what soldiers call "citizens" clothes; he put on a surplice and went to the church door with his sacristan, a Mexican in jacket, and with the heaviest and blackest hair I ever saw, and baptized the little baby of a humble Mexican couple. There was a look of feeble melancholy in the priest's face, which seemed to tell the truth that in Mexico the church has fallen upon evil days. The laborer, however, is worthy of his hire, and fortunately in this case the hire is fixed, for I saw on the wall the printed permit of the Archbishop of Obispo, giving the fees to be charged for clerical services; for baptism so much, for funerals so much, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Near the church was a little half-ruined plaza. There was a low, circular wall in the center, which had sometime perhaps inclosed a fountain; there were stone seats all around, and two rows of trees and little ditches, or grooves rather, to allow the water to run over their roots and keep them green. I dare say that under the tyrannical rule of the Spanish Viceroy the people, young and old, gathered in the plaza of an evening and were

happy; but with freedom came eternal revolution, and the pleasure ground fell into decay. Perhaps the Yankee will come and worship his god, Politics, in this plaza, to the sound of trombones and bass tubas, and clarionets and ward orators and other wind instruments.

On Thursday evening we rode in and around the town, and Gov. Anthony pointed out the new depot of the Mexican Central, which is to be a fine house, built of adobes with a placita, with all the offices opening into it; and there was also a new freight house, in the construction of which the lumber of half a dozen States had been employed, California furnishing the red-wood shingles. Then there were the big locomotives named for the Mexican States, the "Zacatecas," the "Jalisco," and the others.

The common Mexican does not seem at home in towns, nor is he a success as a town-builder, but give him a little plot of ground and an *acequeia*, and he will give the American author of "Ten Acres Enough" half a dozen points, and beat him. How pleasant it all was: the gardens and the big pear trees, and the vineyards, and the little squares of purple alfalfa, and all the people out of doors and at work, for the water is let into the little ditches at sunset. It was a picture of quiet and contentment, though boisterous happiness appears unknown in this country. There is a subdued look about all animate creatures, even to the plump, olive-skinned children, who look at you fixedly with unblinking round black eyes as you pass.

From this evening scene a feature of every Mexican landscape should not be omitted, to wit, the goats, who come in a compact mass, brown and yellow and spotted, down the dusty lane, attended by their swarthy and ragged herdsman. Mexico would not be Mexico without the burros, the curs of low degree, and the goats. These are indispensable.

Returning to the Texas El Paso after the drive, we left it again in the early light of the next (Friday) morning for Chihuahua via the Central Mexican Railroad as far as Ojo-Laguna, the end of the track, and thence by the company's ambulance to the objective point. We started from the "Santa Fé" depot, the track of

the A. T. & S. F. connecting with the Mexican Central in the center of the bridge across the Rio Grande. The Mexican shore reached, we sped along on our journey southwest. The road runs almost in a straight line south, and has a maximum grade of only thirty-five feet to the mile. The route seems designed by nature for a railroad. It is, for the most part, a level plain; to the left what may be termed a range of high hills; to the right a range of low mountains, the order being occasionally changed. The ranges are broken into groups, bearing different names, the most noticeable being the Candelarias, or Candle Mountains, so called from the signal fires of the Indians, frequently seen flashing upon the peaks at night. As the road proceeds southward the country grows less sandy, till at the plains of Encinillas it may be called a fair prairie. All the streams in Northern Chihuahua empty into lakes, or lagunas, which have no visible outlet. At the largest one of these, Ojo-Laguna, we found the boarding-train and the ambulance; the track is laid three or four miles farther, and the grading is completed to Chihuahua.

At the boarding-train was found a large party, mostly Americans, though a few slender Mexicans in serapes and sandals served to form a contrast with the burly and bearded men of the North. Dinner eaten, we started with our four-mule ambulance to cover the sixty miles that lay between us and Chihuahua.

The road for the most part was an excellent one, but it traverses a solitude for many miles. Over all the country has rested the shadow of constant danger. For in the cañons in the mountains has lurked the merciless Apache, ready at some unexpected moment to rush or steal out on his errand of plunder or murder. Every mile was marked by some story of his cruelty. But his hour has come; the Mexican, after a century of suffering, has at last driven his enemy to bay, and hunts him to death in his mountain fastnesses. Our own troops are powerless in face of the reservation system, which offers murderers and robbers a safe asylum. In Mexico there are no reservations.

The country we were traversing is a vast cattle range, occupied by the herds of Governor Terassas, of Chihuahua, who claims an immense region. The cattle could be seen far and near, and oc-

casionally a herd crossed the road; a bull in the advance, whose high head and long sharp horns recalled the pictures of Spanish bull fights; then came the gaunt black-and-white, dun-and-yellow cows, with their calves by their sides. In thirty miles we saw but three inhabited places; and one of them, the ranch of Encinillas, with its little church, lay miles away under the shadow of the mountain. We passed near the two others. They were virtually forts of adobe, each with its round tower pierced with loop-holes; near each was a corral made of bush, or poles fastened to the cross-pieces with thongs of rawhide. A solitary door afforded admission to the *placita*; the long line of outer walls showed no openings in the way of windows. Everything of value—wool, hides, wheat—is kept inside the walls. It has been so long a land of perpetual danger and watchfulness.

As darkness drew on we saw across the plain the four white tents of the engineer party, and drove over there for supper. The boys were found in comfortable condition, and interested in their few Mexican neighbors. They told some curious stories of the effects of the *yerba loca*, or mad-weed, which grows in these plains. Two of their mules having eaten it went absolutely crazy, and suffered from swelled heads the next morning; yet, having eaten it once, eagerly sought for it again. The weed appears to operate on mules as whisky does on men. I was sorry to hear of the existence of such a plant; an inebriated mule around a camp must be a terrible calamity.

The cloudy night had settled down when we resumed our solitary way. There was no sound except the clatter of the hoofs of our mules and the crunching of the wheels in the gravel. A barking of dogs heralded our approach to the few houses called Sacramento, where there was once a show of fight between our troops and the Mexicans in the old "Mexican war;" then all was still again for miles and miles. Then we saw a light; at times it seemed directly in front; then it appeared on one side or the other; now we are bearing down upon it; it is at the end of a long, straight avenue; we shall reach it presently; no, it is receding; perhaps it is but a star; no, here it is again. So with weary eyes we watched the light. Now it shines, clear and well

defined. It is a street lamp; it throws its gleam on the front of some buildings. We pass under the over-hanging boughs of trees; we rattle over a stone bridge; the blank walls of houses arise, white, ghostly, vague, on either hand in the light of lamps few and far between. The sharp cry of a sentry comes out of the dark, "*Quien vive?*" "*Amigos,*" is the reply, and we pass on. Here is an open space; lamps gleam through trees and shrubbery; high up between the towers of a church shines an illuminated clock face; the brazen clangor of a bell drops down from the height; it is 3 o'clock in the morning, and this is the plaza of Chihuahua.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHIHUAHUA.

THE city of Chihuahua, which in a few weeks will be as accessible to the people of the United States as New York and Philadelphia, is situated 224 miles, by rail, south of El Paso, Texas, and 900 miles north of the City of Mexico, with which it will be connected by rail within two years.

It is the largest city in the extreme Northern Mexico, has had a brilliant past, and seems destined to a prosperous future. It will be visited within the next twelve months by thousands of Western people—including a large proportion of Kansans—drawn by business, pleasure, and curiosity.

Chihuahua is the capital of the State of Chihuahua, the northeastern State of the Republic of Mexico; it is the seat of justice for the county of Iturbide, and the military headquarters of the department at present commanded by Gen. Fuero. It is the site of a Government mint, and generally the political and commercial capital of the North. It is the first point reached by the great Mexican Central Railway, (an extension of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé system,) and no city of importance will ever be built within two hundred miles of it in any direction.

Chihuahua has a municipal government, the present mayor being Don Juan N. Zubiran, for many years the Mexican consul at El Paso, Texas, and one of the most progressive of the public men of Mexico. He speaks and writes English with fluency, and is the friend of every respectable American who comes to Chihuahua. He is an encyclopedia of Mexican history and politics; has known every Mexican political or military chief of prominence from the days of Santa Anna, and was the devoted personal friend of the late President Juarez. Kindly, affable, a friend of popular education, he has laid the city of Chihuahua

under everlasting obligations, and is the creditor of a large number of foreigners for information extended.

Chihuahua is well paved, has waterworks of an ancient pattern, and is lighted with naphtha lamps; it has several hotels, mostly frequented by Americans; two American barber shops, and one bootblack of native origin. It has banks, stores of all kinds, a theater, a *plaza de toros*, from which the bulls and *matadors* have however departed, and which is occupied at present by a Mexican circus company, which performs every Sunday. The clown speaks Spanish, and is therefore unable to bore Americans.

Historically, Chihuahua may be said to be a comparatively modern place, for a Spanish-American city. It lays no such claim to antiquity as Santa Fé or several other towns in New Mexico. It was in fact as Señor Zubiran says, "nothing but grasshoppers," until 1702, when the great silver mine of Santa Eulalia attracted attention to the neighborhood. The town grew after the fashion of mining towns in other times and centuries, and in 1718, by royal authority, the settlement was organized as a village, under the name of San Francisco de Chihuahua. The immense richness of the mines, the fact that there was no other town of importance within hundreds of miles, and the wealth and energy of its inhabitants, combined to make Chihuahua a marvel of prosperity. Other colonies and towns were the outgrowth of missions, and were located on the site of Indian pueblos. Chihuahua sprang into existence under the shadow of its mountain, *El Coronel* ("The Colonel"), the product of mining and commerce. When Capt. Zebulon M. Pike was detained here a prisoner in 1806, he found a fine city of 60,000 people. It is well authenticated that in the middle of the last century the town had 70,000 inhabitants. Its rulers were merchants and mine owners. It was also a manufacturing town, and within the last fifty years articles from the State of Chihuahua were sold in great quantities at Santa Fé.

The era of greatest prosperity was probably reached about 1727, when the great church on the plaza, called the Cathedral — but which it is not, as Chihuahua has not and never has had a

bishop—was commenced. It was built as the parish church of Chihuahua by the business men of the city, out of a fund raised by a contribution of $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents on each mark, or eight ounces, of silver produced in the vicinity. Commenced in 1727, the exterior was completed in 1741; the interior was not finished till 1761. The building proper cost \$600,000; of the cost of the interior no one presumes to make an estimate. In those days the banks of the little river Chuisca, which flows by the town, were lined with smelters and reduction works, and immense piles of waste can still be traced for miles. Outside of the present city the foundations of ancient houses can be traced, scattered over a large district. Here was a great city, enormous in its wealth, with its fine Alameda thronged with pleasure-seekers every morning and evening, and yet as utterly shut out from every foreign country as if it had been situated in the interior of Africa. The Spaniards erected a more than Chinese wall about the country. Within a few years it has required two months for a letter to reach Chihuahua from the United States.

When the decline of Chihuahua began, is hard to state; probably with the abandonment of the policy of enslaving the Indians and working them in the mines. The staggering blow was dealt by the Mexican revolution, which lasted from 1810 to 1821. This eleven years of war was followed by the years of perpetual revolution, which have now happily ended. The Spaniard worked no mines except by slave labor; now comes the American with his mighty slave, steam, which performs the work of millions of bondmen, and the restoration of Mexico and of Chihuahua is at hand. After all the backsets and calamities, the town is still estimated to contain 19,000 people. Most of its public buildings have survived the shocks of time and revolution.

Chihuahua, nine hundred miles from the City of Mexico, the political center, has yet had its share in the wars of the country. The people bore an honorable part in the struggle for independence, and in this city occurred the saddest tragedy of the revolution, the murder of Hidalgo. Amid all the bitter contentions of Mexican politics, no voice has ever been raised against the

character of Hidalgo. A scholar and a priest, he first distinguished himself by his efforts in behalf of his parishioners; he introduced among them the silk-worm and the honey-bee. Although allied by his profession and his family to the ruling class, he yet raised in the face of what seemed resistless power the standard of revolt. He foretold his own fate, saying that it was the fortune of men who inaugurated revolutions to perish in them. After the disastrous battle of the Bridge of Calderon, Hidalgo was captured and brought to Chihuahua, where he was shot within the walls of the Hospital Real. He died with the utmost resolution; giving his gold watch to the jailer, and dividing what coin he had about his person among the firing party, to whom he said: "I will place my hand upon my breast; it will serve as the mark at which you are to fire." The hospital has been nearly all torn down to make room for a new government building now in course of erection. A monument has been erected near the spot of his execution, but it bears no inscription; no carved word or line is needed to remind Mexicans that here died the purest and most unselfish man whose name has yet adorned the annals of Mexico. His head is engraved on the postal stamps of the country, and on the walls of the council chamber of Chihuahua hangs his portrait, with those of Morelos, Guerrero, Juarez, and General Mejia, Minister of War to the latter. It is sad but true that in the long line of public men who have figured in Mexico the names of Hidalgo and Juarez alone seem to receive universal veneration. Hidalgo died with his work hardly begun, but Juarez lived to see his country freed from the invader, and every substantial reform now doing its beneficent work in Mexico is the result of his labors and counsels.

During the invasion of the French, Juarez, driven from his capital, resided for a year in Chihuahua. Congress had delegated all its powers to him. He was the government. The French twice occupied Chihuahua; the second time they were driven out. At one time so desperate were the fortunes of the Republic that Juarez took refuge in Paso del Norte, but he never abandoned Mexican territory. During his stay at El Paso the ex-

penses of the government are said to have been thirty dollars a day, a sum which was contributed by the citizens of Chihuahua.

Chihuahua has had two revolutions, but appears to have been fairly governed except during the reign of a drunken vagabond, Gen. Angel Trias, who destroyed one of the finest churches in the city and committed other depredations. The present Governor, Don Luis Terassas, has been in power a long time, and is said to be liberal in his views. His brother, Col. Terassas, distinguished himself in the destruction of Victorio and his murdering Indians.

Chihuahua is to some extent an adobe town, but the public buildings and principal edifices are built in a great measure of a stone obtained from a quarry three miles from town, which in texture resembles the magnesian limestone found in Kansas, but in color somewhat resembles the Caen stone so much used for building in Paris.

The society in Chihuahua is at present largely Mexican. There are a few foreigners who have long been domiciled here, have intermarried with Mexican families, and have exercised a great influence.

Henrique Müller, a German, was for many years a ruler in Chihuahua. The family of Macmanus, originally from Carlisle, Pennsylvania, has been in Chihuahua for forty years, and the second generation is now in business here. Many people anticipate a complete revolution, social and otherwise, with the coming of the Mexican Central Railroad, but what I have seen of the survival of the Mexican habits and customs in New Mexico, after over thirty years of American rule, leads me to think that it will be several years before Chihuahua ceases to be to Americans a foreign city in many things.

The altitude of Chihuahua counteracts the latitude. Here, in the last quarter of May, the weather is like the June of Kansas, with a few hours of July in the middle of the day. There is nothing in the atmosphere or the vegetation to suggest an extreme southern, much less tropical, climate. The flowers here are the larkspurs and hollyhocks and roses, the common garden flowers of New England. This all changes, however, in the rainy season.

Kansas people who are not in a hurry will enjoy a visit to Chihuahua, merely as a visit. If they are on business intent, and wish to rush things, they had better leave the city and go to prospecting. In Chihuahua as far as I have observed no one is in a hurry. I have never seen a town with such facilities for sitting down. There are seats on the plaza, seats all along the Alameda, and stone benches on all the placitas. These are not at all necessary for the ordinary Mexican, male or female, for he or she takes a seat on the sidewalk whenever repose is required. The American out of a job travels incessantly; even the professional loafer moves or tramps; but the Mexican, when there is nothing urgent on hand, takes a seat. Americans must make up their minds to this, and not get excited, since it will effect nothing.

The people of Chihuahua, as far as my observation goes, and as far as I can learn from others, are extremely civil. The rowdy and the hoodlum do not seem to be native to Chihuahua. The men do not carry knives and daggers, nor do they stick them in the backs of Americans, as commonly represented. The vices of the Mexican character, of which we hear so much, appear to be carefully concealed, as far as strangers are concerned. In a somewhat extensive acquaintance with public grounds in various cities and countries, I have never known a more orderly, perhaps it would better to say, courteous place, than the plaza in Chihuahua at night.

Whether an American can enjoy himself as a mere looker-on here, depends on his temperament. If he is easy-going, tolerant, willing to submit to a state of things different from that existing at Jonesville Four Corners, U. S. A ; if he is curious about an ancient civilization, different from our own; if he wishes to see a Southern European city without crossing the ocean, he will find it in Chihuahua.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHIHUAHUA.

THE center of Chihuahua is the plaza. There is a ruined portion of the town called "Old Chihuahua," but it is certain that this plaza is as old as anything in the city. It is now, as it always has been, the joy and pride of the town, this little square of green. In appearance it is somewhat modernized; it was originally planted in orange trees, which were killed some years ago by the frost, and handsome young ash trees now fill their places. There are beds of common garden flowers, larkspurs, hollyhocks, petunias, verbenas and the like, trellises covered with vines, and in the center there is a bronze fountain, which supplies the place of an antique stone-work. The aqueduct, a very ancient construction, is out of order, yet the bronze swans of the fountain pour out little streams from their bills, and keep up a continual splashing, and partially fill the basin. From the earliest light of morning till far into the night a crowd of women and girls are coming to or going from the fountain with earthen jars, such as you see in pictures of "Rebecca at the Well;" there are also porters, who carry away little barrels of water slung on a pole between them. Whatever stillness may linger around the rest of Chihuahua, it is always busy about the fountain. There are seats of bronzed iron around the plaza, and they are always occupied, day and night. When the sun has set the promenade commences. The major part of the promenaders are young ladies, sometimes attended by an elderly female; oftener alone; very seldom in the company of gentlemen. In many a northern city they would be exposed to rudeness. Nothing of the kind occurs in Chihuahua. I have never seen so universally decorous a people. To romp, to talk loud, even in innocent glee, is quite unknown; all questions are exchanged in

a low voice. To be reposeful and quiet seems to be the Mexican idea of good breeding.

On the plaza, facing the east, is the great church, La Parrochia. It has two towers one hundred and fifty feet high. The towers are built in four receding stories, of columns of a graceful design. The façade between the towers is a mass of carving of intricate pattern, and in niches are thirteen life-size figures of saints, while on the crest stands the winged Santiago, patron of Spain. There are entrances on the north and south, each set in a mass of carved work. Over the altar is a massive dome, which supplies light to the church. In the towers are chimes of bells, and bells are hung at every coigne of vantage, and these bells are eternally in motion. When the clock strikes the hour, two bells supplement its information, and about once in fifteen minutes all the bells are set going with a deafening clangor. This being the month of May, sacred to the Virgin, services are held with unusual frequency. The interior of the church is striking from its height and vastness, but for no other reason. The pictures are revolting. In no country have I seen the sufferings of Christ depicted with such brutal fidelity. There are crucifixes in these old Mexican churches, where the wounds, the bruises, the rigidity of death, the clotted blood, affected me as if I had suddenly discovered a murdered corse in the woods. The high altar is of immense proportions, so that it is ascended by stairs, but it is a mass of gilt paper, artificial flowers, and mirrors, of which these people of the South appear to be so exceedingly fond.

Such is the great church of Chihuahua. I have many times stepped in while service was in progress, and have noted what may be seen in every Spanish-American country—the vast majority of women among the worshippers. They knelt or sat upon the floor by hundreds, while the men could be counted by scores; and many of them left before the service was over. The priest of La Parrochia is a marked figure as he goes about the streets with a robe of black, with a cape like that of an army overcoat. He is a man of wealth and imperious bearing, and in his look reminds me somewhat of the first Napoleon. The same

Napoleonic head is seen in the pictures of Morelos, the priest who led the Mexican struggle for independence after the death of Hidalgo. Down a long, narrow street that leads out of the plaza is the Casa de Moneda, or mint, with its tower in which Hidalgo was imprisoned. Soldiers are always on guard here, and further down are the barracks. There are about one thousand men in garrison in Chihuahua. These troops are from the Gulf coast. The men are much darker than the inhabitants of Chihuahua, and in fact many of them are pure Indians. The infantry wear a linen jacket and pantaloons, and a round leather hat with a red pompon. They are armed with breech-loaders. They are drilled entirely with the bugle, and move with reasonable steadiness. They are not as robust physically as the Americans, English, or Germans, but they are larger than the average French infantryman. They live on little, and are said to be rapid and far marchers. Well led, they ought to be fair soldiers. The cavalry are better clad, wearing a dark-blue uniform, a copy of the French, and wide white shoulder belts. Those I have seen rode indifferently, perhaps because they were incumbered with the iron war club technically called a cavalry saber. The officers of both are handsomely uniformed in dark blue, with trimmings of scarlet and silver. Some of these troops have been stationed on the frontier, and have acquired so much of the English language as is necessary in the transaction of their "regular business;" at least one of them has asked me in an intelligible manner for a dime to buy a drink of whisky.

In Chihuahua soldiers do not have a monopoly of conspicuous clothes. Variety in unity is the Mexican motto. Occasionally a gentleman from the country is met whose costume apparently consists of a shirt and a pair of drawers; but the general "rig" of the lower order of the male persuasion is a pair of pantaloons cut off about six inches above the feet, with a white cotton extension from there down, a jacket, a sombrero of straw, and around the shoulders the serapé. This much-talked-of garment is largely manufactured in Chihuahua. It is simply a coarse blanket, and looks like a gay-colored piece of rag carpet. The articles known in the rural districts of the United States as "galluses" are not

in vogue in Mexico, consequently many of the men gird themselves with a white handkerchief, which hangs down in triangular shape behind, producing a not very imposing effect. Among the poorest people shoes are not worn, but instead sandals of rawhide. Mexico is a country of grades, and from these Mexicans in serapés and sandals to the rich rulers of society it is a long way. These last, in many instances, are ultra-fashionables in the matter of clothes, and the old Mexican dress is seldom worn. Young men sometimes wear it when riding on the Alameda. It seems to me handsome and graceful. The silver-banded sombrero, the short jacket, and the pantaloons trimmed down the seams with gold or silver buttons and braid, does not seem theatrical when you see it commonly worn. The same may be said of the red or purple sash or waist-belt. That bit of color seems the mark of the common Latin man the world over. It is worn by French-Canadian lumbermen, by Italian and Portugese sailors, and by Mexican laborers and herdsmen.

The grand gathering-place of all the Chihuahua people, old and young, is the Alameda, so called, I suppose, from the alamo, or cottonwood. It must originally have extended half around the town, from the river to the river again; and Pike speaks of the promenade as existing in 1806. Four rows of cottonwoods make the Alameda, and many of the trees now standing are over one hundred years old. Their gnarled roots run along on top of the ground, twining with each other in many a fantastic fold. The place of many primeval cottonwoods has been supplied with others, and may the shadow of the Alameda never grow less. All along either side are stone benches of unknown age, on which successive generations of Chihuahuans have rested. Men born in a cold climate are prone to dash about in the sun, and risk sun-stroke; natives of a hot country never do. Consequently, if you would see the Alameda in its glory, you must see it in the early morning or later eve. It is a pretty sight in the fresh, cool morning to see the crowded Alameda, the ladies seated on the stone sofas, watching the carriages as they drive slowly along, or the groups of the young bloods of Chihuahua, mounted on fine horses, with saddles of the most elaborate pattern. A pendent housing

of goat-skin is very fashionable, and is quite showy. All is quiet! The carriages move slowly; the horsemen ride in a measured pace; nobody gallops, nobody whoops; the band plays gentle, plaintive airs; and the spectators—they just sit still and look idly happy.

On the Alameda may be seen the beauty of Chihuahua; and here is a good place to speak of the question of the existence of "the beautiful Señorita." Many Americans traveling in New Mexico come back swearing that the "beautiful Señorita" is a myth. But such would change their minds in Chihuahua. There the beautiful Spanish eye and the mass of glossy hair of midnight blackness is the almost universal heritage of the women. You may walk the Alameda for a mile and never see a tress of brown or gold, or any hue save the blackest of all blacks. There is every variety of complexion, though there seems to be a general sameness of feature. There are girls as brown as Arabs, and girls whose faces seem like faintly-clouded ivory, and these last are blessed with features such as one sees on cameos. The fault—and it is a general one—is a lack of expression. The face, at church, on the plaza, on the Alameda, everywhere, is the same. The large, dark eyes seem watching the world go by, too indifferent to kindle with a smile or sparkle with a tear.

The children under four years old are almost universally plump and pretty. I have seen in front of the poorest adobe huts in Chihuahua, little half-clad girls playing, whose beauty would make them the pride of any Northern household; but meagerness and age come early, and with age, among the poorer classes, comes hideousness.

With this last word comes the recollection of the beggars of Chihuahua, and yet there is nothing very hideous about them. When it is one's business to be miserable it is in order to look as miserable as possible, and this the Mexican beggar does. He is wrapped up in an absolute overcoat of woe. I liked him much better than the truculent, bullying, stand-and-deliver beggar of our country. There is a melancholy music in his voice, and he is such a Christian, withal. He asks assistance in the name of our blessed Lady of Guadalupe, with the remark that were that blessed personage on earth, she herself would help him, but as

she is gone he is obliged to ask help of the passing gentleman, whose life may God spare to illimitable years. I saw a miserable-looking old man take the proffered handful of copper, raise the money to his lips and kiss it; then lift his eyes heavenward and murmur a benediction on the giver. It was all acting, probably, but it was beautifully done. The well-to-do people are kind to the beggars. Saturday is the regular beggars' day, and many of the business houses make regular provision, not of money, but of food for them. I presume it is from religious sentiment, or that sentiment hardened into custom.

Gentlemen, ladies, soldiers, countrymen, beggars, and divers other persons have been noticed, and we will speak of the streets—the scenery, so to speak.

There is a noticeable absence of life and stir, but this is more in appearance than reality. It takes a stranger some time to learn that the houses face in, and not out. The court, or *placita*, is the center of household life, and of that you can catch only a glimpse from the walk. In Chihuahua the *placitas* are full of flowering plants, in the universal earthen jars, and moreover are the homes of countless mocking-birds in gayly-painted wicker cages. Going along in the afternoon on the shady side of the street, one hears flowing out of the street door, half ajar, a rippling flood of melody from the cages among the figs and oleanders. It makes you think of Keats's nightingale, "singing of summer in full-throated ease."

When you go to the post office in Chihuahua, you go into a *placita* full of birds and flowers, and come around into a small room where there are two or three clerks. It seems like a private office. The clerk looks over a pile of undelivered letters, and gives you your own. It is very home-like, but unbusiness-like, and will all be changed soon.

There is little rumbling of wheels in the paved streets. There are stages, omnibuses and pleasure carriages, but not the crowd of farm wagons one sees in Kansas. Instead, there are certain streets devoted to the awfulest-looking carts, with wheels of solid wood, drawn by droves of oxen or herds of mules. They hitch the beasts on four abreast until the load starts. Everything on

these carts, whatever the load may be, is done up in a yucca matting, or in rawhide. Otherwise the rough roads would jolt it to destruction. There are droves of burros loaded with wood, adobes and stones for the public building. The milkman goes his rounds on a burro. The cans are suspended in a wicker basket on either side, and the milkman sits away aft on the animal's back piazza. The burro is the great factor in business life in Mexico. If he should use his ears for wings and fly away, the country would be paralyzed. He is miserably clubbed, and his feed is an illusion, but I am inclined to think he likes it. A burro transplanted to Kansas to live on full rations, and with nothing to do but carry round-legged children about, ought to feel himself in heaven, but if you look at him you will see homesickness in his countenance. He is longing for somebody to hit him with a rock and swear at him in Spanish.

Signs are not as numerous as with us, but as we have the "Dew Drop In" saloon, and the English have the "Bull and Mouth" tavern, so the Mexican indulges in the barber shop of "Progress" and the grocery store of "The Sun of May." Most charming was the candor of a juice vender near the plaza, whose sign announced the "Little Hell" saloon. Governor St. John would have thought this everlastingly appropriate.

Such are a few of the sights of Chihuahua; little things, it is true, but things that attract the attention of a stranger and linger in his memory. Much more might be said in the same vein, particularly in regard to the big two-days *fiesta* and its sights and sounds.

Saying nothing of its commercial importance, in the days when the great tide of travel sets into Mexico, Chihuahua will be an interesting town to visitors from the North, in the same way that Chester is to Americans in England, because it is the first old foreign city reached. For that reason I half hope the old place will not be utterly "done over" by the "march of improvement." I am sure I shall not forget a word of it. The great church with its noisy bells, the plaza, the Alameda, the stores where all the goods seemed red or yellow, the liquor shops with splendid shelves filled with bottles of colored water, the soldiers, the porters with

their big loads, the women with their water jars, the children with their bare brown shoulders and their Spanish prattle—all these I shall remember probably when I have forgotten many more useful and worthy things; and so, for the present, a truce to further recollections.

SOME FURTHER JOURNEYINGS.

THEY said we must eat dinner at twelve sharp, and be at the stage office at one o'clock, if we would leave Chihuahua that Wednesday afternoon, but I had from two o'clock till three to lounge in the stage office, a large and lofty apartment looking out on the white glaring street on one side, and into the flower-full and shady *placita* on the other. All the Mexicans of Chihuahua were enjoying their siesta at that hour, but it is not God's will that an American shall sleep in the daytime. So I looked at the pictures of Lincoln and Washington and Juarez, on the wall, and at a little card which announced to the friends of the family that the "legitimate child" of So-and-so had been born and baptized on the dates given. There were some Spanish books on a shelf, school books and others, but they were nearly all translations from the French. From France to Spain and Spain to Mexico is a long ways round.

At last the six mules were brought around and hitched to the old Concord stage, (I expect there is a line of these old Concord coaches running over the Mountains of the Moon,) and by degrees we got started. When we got all our passengers there were seven inside—a gentleman, two ladies and a little boy, going back to Massachusetts; my friend Matfield (whom may Heaven preserve), the writer, and a young man from Durango, a well-dressed, pleasant fellow of twenty-five or thereabouts. He was quite fair; and Matfield said he belonged to a family of Spanish or Mexican Israelites. He was dressed after the American fashion, and at home I should have taken him for a commercial traveler; but he was on his way to see his first locomotive and take his first ride on a railroad train. He was the most mercurial and excitable Mexican I had seen, and his cries and exclama-

tions when the stage went over a bad place excited great amusement among his fellow-passengers, who, being Americans, did not care whether they got their necks broken or not, so that the stage got through on time.

At Sacramento we changed mules, and a little Mexican girl brought us water to drink. At the ranche of Sauz we stopped, after the moon had risen, for supper. I have spoken of the fort-like appearance of these ranches in a previous letter. The interior we found less gloomy than we expected. The large room where we took supper was brilliantly lighted with candles, (kerosene has not yet begun its work of destruction here,) and the table was set by the lady of Sauz herself. She was a widowed sister of Gov. Terassas, and as she bustled about the table, she reminded me in look and manner of hundreds of elderly housewives I have seen in Vermont. Woodman said she looked like his grandmother in Massachusetts. The supper was an excellent one, the table being set on the American plan, as the old lady understood it, but we had the native Mexican coffee, black and strong.

While the time passed I went into the kitchen and watched a woman make tortillas, a thin corn cake flattened out with the hands and dried through on a griddle. It was dry and tasteless; it was like chewing a piece of the St. Louis *Republican*.

In the dim moonlight we jogged along from the ranche of Sauz to that of Encinillas. In these lone night-wrapped Mexican plains, we talked about the drama and music, and the young Bostonian sang in a very pleasant voice, "There was a warrior bold," whereat our friend from Durango summoned with one tremendous effort his stock of English, clapped his hands and bravely cried: "Ver-r-r-ah good." Then there was drowsy silence until we reached Encinillas, which is a little town composed of the people who take care of the thousands of cattle on the plains about. There was a long delay, but that was expected, and when the appointed hour came we resumed our journey. In the United States we should have gone directly to the end of the track, but as it was, we passed it and went along the lake to a squalid little hamlet called Ojo-Laguna. Here we remained

until dawn whitened the east, and then Ojo-Laguna, or the quadrupedal portion of it, woke up. The sweet burro who sings tenor woke from his slumber in the corral the veteran who sings *basso profundo*, and various sopranos and contraltos joined in the strain, which floated across the waters of the lake and echoed in the distant mountains; Mexican curs, fierce and savage, yelped as if their hearts would break; dismal "early village cocks" tuned their asthmatic pipes; and pigs, reddest and thinnest of the porcine tribe, contributed their dulcet squeals. "Matins" at Ojo-Laguna will long be remembered.

Fortunately we moved off before sunrise, and so in stillness saw it come. We were in a valley, or what seemed to have been the bed of an ancient lake. The mountains seemed to shut it in. The mountain-chain on the east cast its shadow on the plain as clearly as the disk on the moon when it is in eclipse; beyond, the mountains to the west were being lit up, one by one, by the candles of the morning. Peak, and pinnacle, and rocky wall and deep gorge and shadowy cañon, received each in its turn its light, now purple, now rosy red, now golden, till the work was done; the daily miracle was finished, and it was broad and open day.

By nine o'clock we were flying, at first-class passenger train time, for El Paso. The conductor was Al. Duagan, of Atchison, the first passenger conductor on the Mexican Central. Mr. D. inquired after the Atchison people, and remarked incidentally that he was personally cognizant of the circumstances attending the decease of our late lamented townsman, Mr. "Dutch Bill." If I correctly remember, this was Mr. Duagan's account of the disastrous affair:

"You see Bill, he turned up in Gunnison, as a 'sure thing' man. Well, the marshal and the police they was tryin' to hold the town down, and after awhile they ruther got the edge on the rustlers, and Bill and his pard flew. After that, about four miles from town, I see Bill one day in a corral, and pretty soon a man come along on horseback, and asked where he was, and in a few minutes I heard a shootin', and when I got there they'd got him. They'd bored a hole through his kidneys."

El Paso, Mexico, and El Paso, Texas, were reached early in the afternoon, and the next evening travel was resumed northward on the good old A. T. & S. F. The evening ride up the road was pleasanter than the morning ride down had been, and I would beseech my countrymen and countrywomen, journeying at evening along the road, to take a look at Las Cruces. Back of the town rises, like the curtain of a theater, those cliffs whose fluted columned sides and pointed pinnacles of varying heights, have given to the range the name of the Organ mountains; at their foot jut, like the edge of the stage, the mesa; and then in the near foreground is the little town by the river's brim, Las Cruces. There are vineyards, acres on acres; there seemed to be great spreading apple trees, such as my grandfather planted in Vermont; there were great tufted cottonwoods, almost hiding the roofs of the town. Across the railroad ran the cause of all this — the high-banked *acequia*, fringed with rushes.

Certainly no man of sense or observation can travel in these countries without acknowledging the value of irrigation. New Mexico and much of Old Mexico would be uninhabitable without it. I have seen wonderful growth here on red and stony ground that a Kansas farmer would pronounce worthless. It is impossible to doubt now the basis of reason underlying the Garden City experiment in Kansas, undertaken under far more favorable circumstances than can exist in New Mexico or Colorado, as far as the water supply and the quality of the soil are concerned. But while I throw up the sponge on the general issue, I still have my doubts as to the results, and for this reason: Irrigation, at best, is undertaken in connection with small farming and gardening, both of which are an abomination in the eyes of the average Western farmer. He is a man of vast ideas, who cannot be induced to contemplate small matters. He wants a section or nothing. At Garden City I was shown a piece of ground half the size of an Atchison town lot, on which \$300 worth of onions had been raised. But your average farmer I am speaking of — from Illinois, Iowa and the big corn States — had sooner lose money on 640 acres of wheat than to make money on an acre of onions. Gardening of any sort, no matter how profitable, is "running a

truck patch" with him, and he will have none of it. Irrigation, too, is a work that is done with one's hands and feet. The water must be let into the little beds at a proper time with a hoe. There is no machine, nor can there be, to do that sort of work, and the wide-out, boundless and preëminently extensive Western farmer will not get down to that variety of manual labor. If it were possible to invent a four-horse, endless apron, side-draft irrigator, adorned with red paint and a chattel mortgage, which would irrigate forty acres a day, then I might have hope that the idea of irrigation would be seized upon by our agricultural fellow-citizens of Kansas. At present I have no such confidence. The patient and industrious Germans, who form a large majority of the market gardeners around every American city, may take hold of irrigation and make a success of it. I would advise even them to employ Mexicans, who can be secured in Colorado. There is no use in trying to tell what might be made of the banks of the Arkansas were they cultivated as are the banks of the Rio Grande. A Las Cruces every few miles, where there are now bare, sunburnt hamlets that stick up like a sore thumb, would be a refreshing sight indeed. The upper Arkansas Valley might be the garden, the orchard, of Colorado, and even Old Mexico, now about to pour out such riches as Cortez never dreamed of.

But we have stopped a long time at Las Cruces, and must get on.

As stated in a former letter, I have had a desire to see before leaving this country a sure-enough mine. "Blossom Rock," and "indications," and "prospect holes," did not satisfy me. What was wanted was a sight of silver ore, of silver itself coming out of the ground in quantities at the present time.

After considerable inquiry I came to the conclusion that the best place to visit was the Lake Valley mines, located at the little town of Daly, Dona Ana county, New Mexico. I had also a melancholy interest in the locality from the fact that my poor friend, Lieutenant George Smith, of the Ninth Cavalry, was killed by the Indians not far from the place.

I left the north-bound train at Rincon, stayed there till morning, and then took the down-train for Nutt station, twenty-one

miles from Rincon, and twelve from the mines. A stage took me over the open prairie rising to the foot-hills of the Black Range, in the very edge of which the mines are located. We climbed no rocks, passed through no cañons. It was easier than driving from Atchison to Nortonville. There is a little triangular opening in the smooth hills, which are dotted with soapweed, and here is the new stamp mill and the office of the superintendent, and the hotel and the several shops and stores that make up the little town of Daly; and on the lower edge of one of the hills, three hundred yards from the stamp mill, were the mines. Had I not known to the contrary, I should have supposed that they were getting out the dark sandstone, such as you find along the Solomon valley at Minneapolis; or perhaps I might have taken it for iron ore. It was in reality silver ore. They were digging and blasting it out, just as they do the Sixth-street bluff at Atchison, with the difference that when a blast went off it lifted from \$3,000 to \$6,000 into the air. I had no letters of introduction, and the bare statement of my occupation in life relieved any suspicion that I wished to purchase a mine or mines. In the absence of Mr. D. H. Jackson, the superintendent, Mr. Gibson, the book-keeper, went about with me. The lower edge of the hillside was cut up with trenches and holes. Along the trenches was piled up the ore. The ore could not have been put back into the trenches again. Limestone bulkheads had been built up, and on these was ore regularly corded up as if for measurement. The finest ore had been sorted over and put in sacks. I was told that a chunk of this XXX, which I would carelessly have thrown at a dog, was worth from \$3 to \$5. There it was, dug from the surface to a depth of six or eight feet, cords on cords of it, running from hundreds to thousands of dollars to the ton. It was dug as easily and cheaply as so much limestone, cheaper than coal, and yet it was silver.

Mr. Gibson went back to his books, and I went down to the stamp mill and talked to Mr. Town, the builder. He looked like Colonel Towne, of the Fort Scott & Gulf, and may have been a relative of that wonderful mechanical family. The mill, to be in operation about June 15, cost \$100,000. Every stick in

it came from Puget's Sound, 1,600 miles by water and 1,300 miles by rail. One piece of timber contained 1,100 feet of lumber. The mill was a twenty-stamp, running two sets of stamps, etc., so as to work two different lots of ore at the same time. Mr. Town explained the amalgamation process as I had heard it at Socorro, but giving many details, however, which would not interest the reader. I was, however, more interested in Mr. Town than anything else. He had been working about mines for thirty years, and his hands were bitten to pieces by quicksilver. I never realized before what a colossal business this gold and silver mining is. He chalked out on the floor the great porphyry ledge on which the Comstock is located. He told me how many millions had been taken out of *this* mine, and *here*, right alongside, millions of dollars had been sunk in the rock, and not an ounce of ore had been found. He told me of the enormous cost of it. At one mine a cylinder weighing twenty-six tons had been dragged up over a railroad constructed for the purpose. Building the pyramids was a child's play compared with it. He told me that this twenty-stamp mill at Daly, though so large, was but an average; that there was a mill in the Black Hills that ran one hundred stamps. Then he told me of men working 3,600 feet under ground; of places so hot that a man ran through them as through a prairie fire; where a drop of water falling on the skin blistered it. Ah, this silver quarter that we toss to the butcher or to the baker: how much thought and energy and skill and labor and suffering it takes to wring it from the earth!

After dinner, Mr. Jackson having returned, we visited the underground works. By this time quite a party had collected. In one new-comer I recognized a transient Topeka acquaintance of years ago. He had been living for years in Georgetown, and knew all about mines. We went down into the "Bridal Chamber." It is perhaps fifty feet from the surface, and shut off from the shaft by a door. Eight or ten men can stand in the excavation. A candle held to the walls reveals millions of shining particles. It looks like a mass of earth, half-decayed sandstone, and here and there masses of ore that can be cut with a knife. This last is horn silver. From this place specimens have been assayed

running \$29,000 to the ton. All around is ore that will run \$10,000 to the ton. A ton can be broken down with four or five blows with a pick. A man could scrape up a fortune with his bare hands.

We went through galleries, and looked at piles of ore until we were tired. Then we went to the office and looked at a little brick weighing eight and a half ounces, taken from two pounds of ore.

This is all. I am no mining expert, and have no interest in the ups and downs of mines, but I will venture the statement that last Saturday I saw the richest silver mine in the United States. There are four mining companies with claims at Daly — the Sierra Grande, the Sierra Bella, the Sierra Rica, and the Sierra Apache.

MEXICO AND RAILROADS.

As a man may live in ignorance of the real nature and character of his own wife and children, so we of the United States have long been in darkness concerning everything pertaining to Mexico and the Mexicans. It is quite certain that more books about Mexico have been published in France than in the United States, and in a commercial point of view the influence of France and England has been vastly greater than that of our country. In the markets of Chihuahua to-day French and English goods are sold under our very noses—goods which we claim to manufacture cheaper and better than anybody else. I saw at El Paso del Norte, not only foreign rails being laid down, but cross-pieces and insulators for telegraph poles imported from England.

To the average ill-informed American, a Mexican is a "Greaser," a low-bred, infamous creature, without manners or morals; lazy, cowardly, treacherous and ignorant. The men have been uniformly represented as without honor, and the women without virtue. Mexico has been represented as an utterly priest-ridden country, and not in any sense a Christian country. Bishop Haven was fond of saying that the human sacrifices of the Aztecs gave way to the "religion of Cortez," and that the Christian religion was unknown in Mexico until it was introduced by some soldiers of the American army under Gen. Scott.

I suppose it is possible for an American to live twenty-five years in Mexico and retain all these prejudices. Judge Kingman, in his lecture "Across the Continent on a Buckboard," spoke of the style of American who lives in New Mexico for twenty-five or thirty years, absorbs all the native vices in addition to those he imported with him, but to the last declares that

he is an American, and trusts that God may burn him in perdition if he is not also a Protestant.

For myself, I am not conscious of entertaining many prejudices at the most, and of those, few which will not yield to reason and evidence; and, beside, to me the most offensive feature of our national character—and we get it from the English—is the habit of considering every people who do not conform to our standard in dress, manners, government and religion as heathen and the scum of the earth.

Divesting himself of such feelings, if he entertain them, and the American finds that Mexico is a great country, with numerous natural resources, inhabited by a people very different, it is true, from the people of the United States, yet a people proud of and attached to their country; proud of its independence, and teaching their children the history of the struggle by which that independence was achieved. He will find a people governed by a certain social code, and extremely tenacious in regard to its observance; as much so as the French or any European people. He will find a people who, while adhering to their ancient religion, have yet deprived the church of its power as a political organization; who have remanded the priest to the altar, where he belongs, and, more than any other Spanish-American country, have effected the secularization of education. This last step, the absolute elimination of the church as a political factor, has brought about what Mexico has long needed—the destruction of the idea of imperialism, revived once and again by Iturbide and by Maximilian. I do not say that any form of religion is incompatible with republicanism, but I do say that universal secular education is necessary to its existence. This point Mexico is steadily approaching. There are ten public schools in Chihuahua, and in the city council room of Chihuahua may be seen a piece of embroidery, a testimonial from the children of the city schools to the city government. The Governor of the State of Guanajuato has recently submitted a bill to the Legislature providing for compulsory education. A knowledge of reading and writing is much more commonly diffused among the common people of Mexico than is generally supposed by foreign-

ers, and I have noticed that Mexicans usually write a hand remarkable for beauty and legibility.

With the settlement of the imperial and clerical questions has come a settled government and the reign of law under the rule of General Porfirio Diaz and his successor, General Gonzalez. Courts exist everywhere in Mexico, the system being somewhat like our own, save that in the courts above that of the justice of the peace the proceedings are all in writing. I have seen the reports of the Supreme Court of the Republic advertised for sale, as the reports of the State Supreme Courts are sold in the United States.

It will thus be seen that the idea that Mexico is a country without laws, without order, and with an utterly barbarous, ignorant and vicious population, is erroneous.

The progress of the country has been made clearer to my mind by looking over the volumes containing the text of the concessions under which the construction of the Mexican Central Railroad has been undertaken. The volume makes, in Spanish and English, two hundred pages. An intelligent American gentleman of Chihuahua said to me that the Congress of the United States could learn a great deal from the careful course pursued by the Mexican government in its dealings with corporations. In the pages before me, the government pledges itself to aid the construction of a great railway system, extending the length and breadth of the Republic; more strictly speaking, from the city of Mexico to El Paso del Norte, a distance of 1,300 miles, with transverse lines running from Tampico to San Blas, and connecting the Gulf and the Pacific. It pledges to this great enterprise a subsidy of \$14,500 a mile, exempts the road from taxation for fifteen years, admits all material for its construction free of duty, and provides that six per cent. of the customs revenue of the country shall be devoted to the payment of the subsidy. On the other hand, the interest of the people is carefully looked after; the passenger and freight tariff is fixed; the former in no case to exceed five cents a mile for first-class passage, with second and third-rate fares to correspond. Every detail in regard to damages to private and public property is looked after. The

method of construction must be such as the government approves; and in the event that the railroad company does not comply in every respect with the letter and spirit of the contract, then the road is declared forfeited, and the road may be taken by the government and the contract re-let to the same or other parties, since the Mexican government does not propose to become in any event a builder of railroads. It seems to me that in these concessions there is displayed genuine and far-seeing statesmanship; and yet the statesmen who drew up the conditions were Mexicans born and bred.

It seems a little singular that after capitalists and adventurers of every nation, French, Spanish and English, have had the first chance in Mexico for years, that this concession should at last be obtained by a company of New-Englanders, headed officially by an ex-Cape Cod sea captain. Such is the case, however. The men into whose hands the railroad system of Mexico has been committed are those whose names are familiar in Kansas, from the fact that they are painted on the locomotives of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad.

The value of the concession (which includes several former minor grants) is incalculable. There can never be another great railroad in Mexico. By the terms of the concession no competing line can be built within twenty leagues. The line runs along the high table-land, the backbone, as it were, of Mexico, and there is no room for any other. By the terms of the concession the road must reach, directly or by branch, the capital of every State between El Paso and the city of Mexico. It thus reaches every important point. Chihuahua is one of the smallest in point of population of the Mexican State capitals. Zacatecas was described to me as "eight times as large as Chihuahua and a hundred times as rich," and there are larger and richer cities than Zacatecas.

The road runs through two zones, or from the temperate to the confines of the torrid zone. It runs through cotton, cocoa, coffee and sugar fields, and through a country full of mines which have yielded their unexhausted treasures for three centuries. It is the most romantic enterprise that a lot of practical Yankees

ever took hold of. I believe it is the great railroad boom of the immediate future, and I expect a Kansas exodus will follow its construction. I expect that within two years the mails will be burdened with letters addressed to "formerly of Kansas" men, residing in Chihuahua, Durango, Zacatecas, Aguas Caliente, Guadalajara, and other Mexican cities.

Some very well posted people have asserted that the road will never do a passenger business. Such persons do not understand the Mexican temperament. The Mexican is a social being; he likes to go about and visit his friends. He is fond of traveling. In the New-Mexican towns where street railways have been built, he is their constant patron. When the new world of the North is open to him, he will not fail to go and see it. The wealthy Mexican travels as a luxury. Many of the higher classes of Mexicans visit Europe, and many Mexican gentlemen have been educated abroad. This class of travelers will constantly enlarge.

The influence of the railroad is seen the moment one crosses the line and enters El Paso del Norte. Here a Kansas man, ex-Governor Anthony, with several Kansas associates, has been at work, and has built the first railroad town in Mexico. There is a yard of fifty-seven acres, numerous tracks and turntables, shops, store-houses, freight-houses, and now a new depot. The American has sensibly adopted in this building the Mexican adobe, but he makes the adobes with machinery of his own, turning them out ten times as fast as under the Mexican plan. El Paso is now to the Mexican Central what Topeka is to the A. T. & S. F. Hundreds of Mexican laborers are employed. They get wages such as they never dreamed of before, fill up with American "grub" at the railroad boarding-house, and are transformed internally and externally. These men will never again follow the banner of any revolutionary chief. They will take no heed of pronunciamentos if they are issued. They will attend to their regular business. It is a pleasure to know that in this great enterprise a fellow-citizen of ours has borne a prominent part. Ex-Governor Anthony was early on the ground, has encountered and overcome a mountain of prejudice on the part of the local Mexican authorities; has worked day and night, attending to every detail, and will soon have the satisfaction of

riding into Chihuahua over a first-class road, over which trains have been already run at the rate of forty miles an hour.

I think one secret of Governor Anthony's success betrays itself in the kindly and interested tone in which he spoke of the Mexican people. He had much to say of their law-abiding and peaceful character. In fact, he has a theory that the troubles of Mexico have resulted, not from a lawless disposition on the part of the common people, but from their devotion to those whom they have been accustomed to regard as their lawful and legitimate leaders. Naturally adverse to fighting, they will yet follow those to whom they have been accustomed to look for orders to the last gasp. With the spread of education this distinction of leaders and led will cease in Mexico, at least in its present form.

By the terms of the law, the Mexican Central is a Mexican enterprise. All its officers and employ  s are, in law, Mexicans. They have no recourse to any foreign power or potentate. In accepting the subsidy and other aid they consent to conduct their enterprise under the laws of Mexico, and no other. This seems to me just, and it will be an interesting study to watch Mexico work out her own salvation through the railroad.

As I have said, I look upon Mexico as the great opening field of enterprise, and I expect that many Kansans will try their fortunes therein. To such I would say, that they will do well to drop on the frontier the most of their preconceived notions about Mexico and the Mexicans; to be prepared to respect the prejudices and feelings of the people; and to avoid, not only rowdyism as a matter of course, but that lofty superciliousness and loud and intolerable bumptiousness which makes so many traveling Englishmen and Americans utterly detested in foreign parts. People who cannot like anybody but themselves, or any country except their own, had better stay at home. To an American of a kindly, tolerant and forbearing spirit, willing to put up with unavoidable inconveniences—in short, to an American gentleman, Mexico will prove a most interesting country, and should certainly be visited, especially now that the country is soon to be opened up in its length and breadth by a great railroad, the result of American enterprise, and, it is but just to add, of Mexican liberality and public spirit.

OUT ON THE ATLANTIC & PACIFIC.

AT Albuquerque I struck a new railroad, the Atlantic & Pacific. There is more of it back east, but the connection is lost somewhere in the Indian Territory, and is taken up again at Albuquerque. It starts at that town and pushes out into the Western wilds—a veritable Christopher Columbus of a railroad.

At Albuquerque the road has built fine shops and offices, and has about three hundred people employed. It has done much to operate the Albuquerque boom, which I regard as about the most genuine in New Mexico.

Other railroads are built to reach certain way points, as well as to connect certain terminals; but the Atlantic & Pacific starts out to the mountains, cañons, deserts, sage-brush, Indians and “rustlers” with an eye single to going to California. There was not a “laid-out” town on its route when it was projected, nor do I believe that there ever would have been a town had the road not been built. As it is, the road has started out carrying its own wood, water and provisions, and has reached the Cañon Diablo, which means the Devil’s Own Cañon, a matter of three hundred miles from Albuquerque.

The reason this otherwise unaccountable railroad has been built, is because its engineers have found a place where the Rocky Mountains have simply played out; there is a gap in the great mountain fence, and through this opening the road has been run. There is, properly speaking, no pass, no defile, no cañon—only a place where there seems to be no mountain. The track, with at the most a grade of 58 feet to the mile, climbs the Continental Divide, and then goes down at the same rate, and the road to the Pacific is open. This is the reason the Atlantic & Pacific has been built.

The discovery of this route is associated with the name of

Wingate. There is an old abandoned Fort Wingate near the line, and also a new Fort Wingate; but who Wingate was, nobody along the road appeared to know. ✱

The west-bound passenger on the Atlantic & Pacific leaves Albuquerque at half-past nine o'clock at night, connecting with the Santa Fé train from the north. The night of my departure the cars were crowded, and every man had a roll of blankets and a gun.

Morning, or rather, breakfast, found us at Coolidge, until lately known to all the country round as "Crane's ranche," (of which "more anon,") and then came Fort Wingate—the new one—the fort itself being situated at the foot of a line of pine-covered hills, in sight of, but some three miles from the track. Fort Wingate passed, the stations consisted of the station house and the name.

By the dawn's early light you begin to notice Indians. The Atlantic & Pacific is the great and only Indian route. It is the only railroad by which you can reach Mr. Cushing's [Zunis, likewise the Accomas, also the Navajos, also the Apaches. It makes a connection with the Moquis, and will soon give transit facilities to the clothesless Mojaves. If you want to see "Injuns," take the Atlantic & Pacific. The Zunis just now are attracting tourists and investigators on account of their advertising trip under the management of Mr. Cushing, who has found out more about them than they ever suspected themselves. Major Dane, who rejoined me at Albuquerque, paid them a visit. They seem to be much like other Pueblo Indians; they weave woolen goods like the Navajoes, raise peaches, grind corn with a couple of rocks, and eat mutton with the wool on. These seem to be the principal features of Zuni life. They are much attached to Mr. Cushing, whom they have elected register of deeds, county commissioner, or something of the kind. They were awaiting his return to assist in tying up bunches of feathers and getting ready for some grand and intensely-interesting ceremonies. The Accomas seem to have more practical sense than the Zunis. Major Dane and a traveling companion having incautiously used the word "Washington" in the Accomma country, were promptly

✱ He was Brevet Major of the 5th U. S. Inf., wounded at battle of Valverde, New Mex., Feb. 21, 1862, and died of his wounds on June 11, 1862.

put in arrest until the Indians could ascertain whether any new swindle was contemplated. The Major having convinced the Accomas that he did not live in Washington, and had no connection with the Interior Department, he was allowed to depart in safety.

The Indians seen along the Atlantic & Pacific are mostly Navajos. They may be seen lounging around the stations, or working along the railroad grade. Their droves of piebald horses and flocks of sheep and goats are seen at frequent intervals. The Indians herd their sheep and goats together, on account of the superior courage of the goats. When the sheep get frightened, and ready to run, and are in the state of mind peculiar to a Kansas legislator when he pipes out, "Mr. Speaker, I desire to change my vote," the goats stand still with their heads up and investigate the approaching object, and so encourage the sheep to follow their example. Thus is courage infectious even among brutes.

The Navajos appear friendly to the railroad, and as yet have not organized an anti-monopoly party. In compliment to the tribe the railroad have named a station Manuelito, after the head chief of the Navajos. As the Navajos own a million sheep, their wool export is a matter of importance.

The landscape from Coolidge to Defiance presents little change. On one side runs a line of forest-covered hills or mountains. On the other side stretches an almost unbroken perpendicular wall of red sandstone, crowned with trees; at Coolidge this wall is four or five miles from the track, at other points it is within a few rods. It is worn by the wind and the rain into fantastic shapes. At some points the wall is pierced by numerous holes as if worn by the action of gravel and water, like the "pot-holes" seen in the rocky beds of rivers. Between the sandstone bluffs and the wooded hills is a valley, or plateau, varying in width; and in many places white with a flower that lies on the surface like snow-flakes. It fades quickly, and is called the "phantom flower." The valley everywhere looks barren, but the flocks and herds seemed in good condition. There are numerous springs in the foot-hills, and a particularly fine one at Fort Wingate.

At the line of New Mexico and Arizona, which is marked by a post, the abomination of desolation commences. The red sandstone changes to gray, and finally recedes on either hand into the blue distance, leaving a wide plain, broken here and there by piles of rock, which look like great masses of slag from a furnace. The surface, patched here and there with sage-brush, looks like an old dried buffalo hide. A dry river, the Rio Puerco, winds through the sandy solitude. In the rainy season this sandy, gravelly bed is suddenly filled with a rushing, roaring torrent, which tears everything to pieces. The railroad people were erecting barriers of plank and stone, and building levees and changing the bed of the stream, to avoid the possible and probable washouts. For miles not a tree was to be seen. It seemed like the bed of a dried sea, and here and there a long, low ledge of rocks looked like the hulk of some great ship, left stranded by the subsiding waters. The wind moaned and shrieked over the wilderness, catching up the sand in high, whirling columns, which sped across the line of vision, and then dissolved, sand to sand. Rocks, dead rivers, sand cyclones, and the fierce, unpitying sun—this was the scene. A running stream was reached at last, the Little Colorado. There, in an immensely wide, gravelly bed, runs a narrow flow of water. At Holbrook some cottonwoods were growing. At St. Joseph the Mormons have a settlement, and their little colonies are scattered along the Little Colorado. A well-dressed and intelligent young man rode some distance on the train, whom I understood afterward was a Mormon storekeeper or commissary. Although the condition of the Mormons in Arizona had been discussed in his presence, he had not mentioned or suggested his connection with the multi-marrying people. I imagine polygamy does not flourish greatly among the sage brush of the Little Colorado and Rio Puerco country. A harem in Turkey may be a romantic idea; but there is nothing particularly gorgeous in the Mormon reality—four or five haggard, angular, sun-bonneted, sandy-colored old girls, browsing around among the greasewood and cactus, and “dobes” and brush corrals of a desert. The spectacle of an old Mormon striking out on his burro through the sand by the wan moon-

light to the music of the coyotes' midnight choir to woo and win his fifteenth bride, will never inspire another Moore to write another *Lalla Rookh*.

Winslow, Arizona, was reached for supper, and a nicely-served meal it was. The town stands in a dead flat plain. In the distance are scattered peaks, remains of some former mountain chain. Even the purple twilight did not redeem their weird barrenness. They seemed to mark the confines of a lone land, traversed by no human foot, where only devils roam and satyrs cry. But turning from these scorched and splintered ruins of a lost world, there ran directly in front, outlined against the saffron sky, the most kindly, human, symmetrical mountain I have seen in all my wanderings in these southern regions. It is the Francisco or San Francisco mountain, forty miles beyond the Cañon Diablo, and directly in the path of the oncoming railroad. Its sides were dark with forest, its top was streaked with snow. It rose in gentle slopes to a long, wavy crest, and one could imagine the voice of waterfalls and the curling smoke from the homes of men about its feet. I saw it at sunset, by moonlight, and again at sunrise, and it was ever the same gentle and yet majestic presence. From its summit, it is said, you can make out the windings of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Cañon Diablo, the present end of the Atlantic & Pacific track, was the last station reached. The cañon is half a mile beyond the little town of tents, houses, shanties and box cars, and I saw it by moonlight. The word cañon usually brings up the idea of a rift through a high mountain or a narrow passage between two mountains, but there is no mountain here—it is just a tremendous fissure in the level plain. You might ride your horse into it in the dark without the least warning of its existence. It may have been rent by an earthquake, perhaps worn by the action of water. I should incline to the former opinion. It has shelving sides composed of masses of rocks, is at the bridge two hundred and thirty feet deep, and is spanned by a bridge five hundred and forty feet long. At the bottom the cañon seems the width of an ordinary wagon-road, and there can be discerned, like winding threads, the track laid down by the bridge-builders to aid in

their work. The moon shone brightly, yet the view was broken by deep masses of shadow in the depths below. It was strange to look down from the bridge, which reached to the middle of the chasm, and realize that the great church of Chihuahua might stand down there, and yet you might look down one hundred feet on the glossy backs of the swallows that flit around its topmost spire. Cañon Diablo, the Mexicans called it, a devilish obstruction to their journeyings, causing them a detour of many miles, but it is no obstruction now. A few hours after I left, the heavy iron spans were swung as lightly to their places as a Mexican woman lifts the earthen jar of water to the shoulder at the fountain; and by the time these lines are read in Kansas the busy locomotive will be running on its errands to and fro.

After a comfortable night at Cañon Diablo station, the "chamber that opened to the sunrise" being a box car, a last look was taken at the great mountain which stands a sentinel at the gateway of the Pacific coast, and the backward journey was begun. It was a welcome moment when the train passed out of the plain and the road was winding about again in the sandstone defiles. It is only when one has traversed the desert, that he realizes the beauty and force of the old oriental simile, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

At Coolidge the hospitality of Mr. R. M. Bacheller, formerly of Emporia, the station agent, acting division superintendent and man-of-all-work of the Atlantic & Pacific, was enjoyed, and a night was passed in the late home of the "rustlers." Coolidge, the outgrowth of "Crane's ranche," has had a stirring history. The American frontier "wolf," beside whom a common Apache is a scholar, gentleman and Christian, for some time "held high wassail" as Major John N. Edwards would say, in that locality. "Hold-ups" were a daily and nightly occurrence. To simple robbery the more peaceable citizens submitted for awhile, but when to robbery, brutal violence was added, a general fight took place. At the conclusion of the exercises three of the outlaws and two of the citizens lay dead on the snow. There has been no general killing since, and Coolidge is at peace with "all the world and the rest of mankind." On the beautiful moonlight

night of my stay, the crowd that gathered in at "Hall's," (Hall being the alcalde and "Bascom" of the place,) though "bearded like the pard" and profusely ornamented with cartridge belts and "guns" of various calibers, were on peaceful thoughts intent. The talk was of home, of the long-gone hours we once enjoyed with the brethren in the grand lodge of the Sons of Malta, and other edifying subjects. The town presented a perfect picture of quiet and repose. The burghers lay on the counter and sat on the mackerel kits in Hall's store; the gamblers listlessly regarded very small piles of chips, and the female terror of the Far West, the "Apache Sal" or "Broncho Kate," of the place, sauntered about in slatternly ease with her cigar, but seemed thoughtful, pensive, almost sad, and failed to bestow on her gentleman acquaintances the usual quantity of deteriorated language. A few Indians, poor Navajoes whose untutored minds were intent on stealing something, flitted about in the moonlight wrapped in their blankets. A few revolver shots were heard occasionally, but they were fired at random and not on business. It was evident that over Coolidge hung the shadow of impending reform. The Eastern novelist in search of material for a gory and ghastly tale of the bloody cañon or the ghost-haunted gulch, will no longer find material at Coolidge or "Crane's ranche." So runs the world away.

Through the kindness of Superintendent Angell, the rest of the return trip over the first division to Albuquerque was made by daylight, and the journey was made pleasant by the society of himself, Chief Engineer Kingman and Assistant Engineer Billings. The great attractions to a stranger and curiosity-seeker are the lava-beds, of which there are two. The volcano from which one of these rivers flowed is plainly visible near Blue Water station. The lava-bed itself has been partially covered by sand and debris and vegetation, its course being traced by huge black and ragged masses here and there, but at Grant station the lava may be seen as perfect as on the slopes of Vesuvius. It runs, or did run, a huge stream, twenty-five miles long, and from three to five miles wide. The railroad runs along the verge, where its course was finally stayed. It is as if from its

boiling reservoir a tide of melted asphalt, ten feet high, had swept down the valley, spreading out in fan shape as it came. As it flowed it cooled and cracked, and tossed and surged, like the waves of the sea. The burning foam hardened; the furrows and crests of the waves took solid shape, and now it is a black, petrified river. Bottomless fissures cross it in every direction; ragged points, as hard as iron and sharp as glass, cover the surface. For the most part it is impassable by man or beast. Occasionally, however, there is a long wave, smooth, rounded, and black, looking for all the world like a whale. Along the edges of the bed grew shrubs and bushes, which looked brighter than vegetation elsewhere. I have been told that the lava yields in time to the action of the elements, and that green grass grows where once the molten lava hissed and flamed, but of this I cannot speak from observation. There is nothing else in nature like a lava-bed, and the traveler over the Atlantic & Pacific can see this evidence of earth's mighty convulsions without getting out of the car. In fact, the lava is only a few feet distant.

Another sight on the first division of the Atlantic & Pacific is the Indian village of Laguna. The pueblo is like all others—a series of “dobes,” running tier upon tier on the slope of a bare rock. Many of the houses were in ruins. In former days, when the Pueblos were harassed by the Navajos and other wild tribes, they kept within their works, but now that the pressure is removed, they distribute themselves along the banks of the river that irrigates their little fields, and build separate habitations.

Of course the conversation turned to a considerable extent on the resources of the country and the future of the road. The region, sterile as it looks, is yet a stock country of considerable value.

The mineral resources of Arizona are undoubtedly great; but it seems to me that the great value of the Atlantic & Pacific lies in its possession of the wonderful pass through or over the Continental Divide and its consequently easy grades. It will be the through freight line, if my judgment in such matters is worth anything.

The tourist will travel this road in after years because it does

traverse in its course a desert. The desert has its attractiveness; it exercises an indescribable but powerful charm. Thousands have felt it, and the desolate waste will forever woo men to its burning breast. In a short time the road will be within easy staging or horseback distance of the Grand Cañon of Colorado, a wonder in its way, like Niagara. Men tired of trim parks and placid lakes, and vapid watering-places, will find in these untamable wilds something to stir the blood and linger in the heart.

HOMeward BOUND.

NO MATTER how carefully we plan a journey beforehand, or how methodically we measure in advance its days, there comes a time when it may be said to end itself; when we cease to look forward and begin to look back over the route we have come; when we think not of the land whither we are going, but of the land from whence we came. The traveler, when this period comes, in spite of himself, had better, if he can, go home. Further journeying is a weariness, a twice-told tale.

After returning from the visit to the Cañon Diablo, and the confines of Arizona, the writer felt that he was "homeward bound," and the little that remains to be told is the hurried record of a journey often filled, it must be confessed, with thoughts that had nothing to do with present surroundings, and oft-times completely obliterating them.

From Albuquerque to Santa Fé is, to the readers of these letters, old ground. The return journey was performed entirely by daylight. It was breakfast instead of supper at Wallace; it was noon instead of evening at Santa Fé, but nothing of incident befel. Santa Fé was found even quieter than it had been left, for Governor Sheldon had gone to the southern part of the Territory and taken his good stories with him. The stage for Espanola did not start till next morning, and there was a long half-day to lounge about the plaza and sit under the *portal* of the Governor's palace, and talk to the old man Ellison and Mr. O'Neil, of the old Santa Fé. The ghost of what the "regulars" call the "Old Army" walked in the talk of these elderly gentlemen. It was curious to hear them speak of captains and lieutenants of whom I had never heard, except as generals. One of these vanished martial figures was Bernard E. Bee. He was killed, a Confederate general, at the first Bull Run. He

was the greatest military dandy, they said, that Santa Fé had ever known; more precise even than Sykes, our General Sykes, who died in harness in 1881.

The Espanola stage drove around to the Exchange at 7 o'clock in the morning. It was full of men, young fellows who had been mining and prospecting in various regions, and were going over to the San Juan country to try their luck. They carried guns and wore miners' garments; hence it was, it is presumed, that a drummer with plaid clothes, and a big stomach like a sample trunk, surveying the party from the steps of the Palace Hotel (terms \$4 a day, charged to the "house,") said he "wouldn't ride with that crowd," and remained over to the next stage. Nevertheless I found the men very fair company; close observers of all they had seen, and acute in their judgments of men and events. One of the men gave the most graphic account I ever heard of the great railroad riot at Pittsburgh.

The twenty-two miles of stage-road between Santa Fé and Espanola is what John Bunyan would have called "doleful." It is sand and rock, piled up in ridges, endwise, crosswise, perpendicularly, every way—a rolling, pitching desert. There were water and trees at a few places where they change horses, but it is desolation for the most part. The consolation of the traveler is "looking to the mountains from whence cometh help." The great range which runs from Santa Fé to Taos looks down on it all, and gives a sense of protection.

But one town is passed on this road, the village of Santa Cruz, on a little river of the name, which rushes cold and swift from the mountains to join the Rio Grande. The largest building is the old church; the largest residence is that of the priest; and the only people at work in Santa Cruz were some men engaged in building an adobe wall around the priest's garden.

At last we reached the Rio Grande, yellow and swift; crossed it on a low wooden bridge, and so came to Espanola, the southern terminus of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad.

I doubt if there is in the confines of New Mexico a more secluded spot than Espanola, even though it has a railroad. The narrow-gauge appears to have kept along down the Rio Grande

till it reached this lonely spot, and then said "There is no more. Here we stop." Had it gone on to Santa Fé, a real goal would have been reached. As it is, the southern division of the Rio Grande, from Antonita down, reminds one of a fishing-line without any hook.

The banks of the Rio Grande above and below Espanola are occupied by Indian villages, and the Indians who lounged about the depot were the most cleanly and refined-looking Pueblos I had seen. They wore bright scarlet blankets, marked "U. S.," the first evidence I had noticed of any beneficence of the Government. On the train, which stole quietly out of Espanola, after dinner, was the first comely Indian woman I had ever seen during an acquaintance—by sight—with Indians, beginning with the Sacs and Foxes when they lived in Iowa. While her features were purely Indian, there was that expression which, wherever we see it, we call womanly, and which it is difficult to further define. She was neatly dressed in the same masculine fashion peculiar to the women of the Pueblos, and was modest and quiet in her demeanor, without the sullen, stupid look common to the features of semi-civilized people when in repose. Her appearance suggested a train of thought in conversation with an intelligent gentleman of Taos, who for the time was my fellow-traveler. He had seen much of Indians during his long residence in New Mexico; had served against the Navajos in the New-Mexican regiments raised by Gen. Carleton, and had original views respecting Indians, as indeed he seemed to have on all subjects.

Taking the Pueblo woman as a text, he said that the position of women among Indians is not generally understood. The Indian woman among the wild people is in appearance a slave, performing all sorts of drudgery. In reality she has a better brain than the male Indian, who is a weak animal. The squaws must bear the brunt of the campaigns, and Indians rarely go to war against their counsel. It is the women who invent and frequently execute the hellish cruelties inflicted upon captives, in revenge for the killing of some relative of an influential squaw. Neither are Indians incapable of the "tender passion." Indian songs, like the songs of civilized people, are not only of war,

but of love. The Apache "buck" constructs himself a sort of flute out of a gun-barrel, and by a series of diabolical noises on this instrument he strives to express the sentiments which agitate his copper-colored bosom. Could some agency, my informant thought, be brought to bear upon the Indian women, they could persuade the men to live in peace. But under the Indian rule wives are a matter of purchase, and most horse-stealing and plundering raids are undertaken by young men to supply themselves with the wherewithal to set up house-keeping. Thus it is seen that love not only rules "the camp, the court, the field, the grove," but also the desert and the lava-bed, the cañon and the mesquite thicket.

My Taos philosopher left the train at Embudo. The car seemed empty without him; in fact there was but a handful of passengers. When the narrow-gauge is extended to Santa Fé—a work now in progress—a circuit will be established and a route will be open for tourists. A run over the A. T. & S. F. from Atchison to Santa Fé, and then back to the northward over the Rio Grande, will be full of variety and interest. But to return to the present journey.

The Rio Grande began to look like a brawling mountain creek, and finally was lost to sight, and we commenced the ascent of the Comanche Pass. It is up, up, I do not know how many miles, clinging and climbing along the side of the mountain. A goat-path could hardly be steeper or more devious. We wound in and out, crossing deep ravines on high bridges, passing through cuts so narrow that you could touch the sides with your hands; then holding on by the mountain's side along a straight shelf for some distance, affording a chance to look back upon the long incline we had ascended. All around were mountains. From one side of the cars we looked up the straight mountain-side; from the other down into the perpendicular depths; before was still the steep path. At every turn it seemed as if we would reach the place where the mesa met the sky, but there were other windings, and it was up and upward still. At last we grew tired—ceased to be expectant; the road might climb to the stars for all we knew or cared. But at last the hoarse breathing of the engine

ceased. We were on the high, level mountain-top, and looking to the eastward we saw a great plain. Beyond rose a heavy range of snow-capped mountains. It was the plain of Taos, and the few reddish dots near the mountain's foot were the town of Taos. Then we lost sight of it, and were in the pine woods of a country that reminded me somewhat of the "glades" of the Alleghanies. There is not a town on the line between Espanola and Antonita, only the railroad houses, the section houses being of hewed pine logs, painted red, reminding one somewhat of Norway.

At Barranca we had supper, an excellent meal. It is wonderful how well travelers are fed in the most out-of-the-way places. The railroad is, to use an expression not altogether unknown to reporters, "the prince of caterers."

Night found us on the high plains, with mountains in a continuous chain on our right. At Antonita there was a street—the first we had seen since leaving Santa Fé. It was like coming out of a wilderness. At Antonita the road turns off to Durango and the San Juan country, and the Toltec gorge, and the cliff houses, and a world of wonders, but we had ceased looking for these.

A change of cars, and we sped along under the moon. The conductor was obliging and instructive, and pointed out everything. Those peaks were the Costillas, and up the stream a few miles once stood old Fort Massachusetts, and here was the later Fort Garland. This high mountain, its top showing broad sheets of snow that glittered in the light of the white moon, was the Sierra Blanca, and this and that peak had never been climbed; and then I wondered why we did not have an "Alpine Club" like the English, to do that sort of thing, and get their necks broken for the benefit of the newspapers.

At two o'clock in the morning we reached Placer, where I had determined to stop over and cross the mountain and see the Veta Pass by daylight.

The morning broke clear, and it still seemed like New Mexico, but by the time we had reached the summit the sky was overcast. It seemed as if that mountain was the dividing line between two climates. There were occasional bursts of sunshine as we

climbed down the pass, but masses of fog hung on the slopes of the mountains like smoke from a battle-field. The pass was not as rugged as I had first expected, the slopes being actually like New England pastures. The engineering is wonderful, but the originality of the thing was detracted from by noting the old wagon-road to Fort Garland winding along-side. We have reached the point that we naturally expect the locomotive to go wherever a mule can climb. The "mule-shoe curve" is a striking piece of work. At the time of its construction there was nothing like it in the country. I do not know that it has ever been surpassed. So down and down we went, without jar or slip, or more untoward motion than would occur on level ground, and here we were at La Veta; henceforth we were to cross no more mountains.

This road on from La Veta to Pueblo takes the mountains in reverse that I had seen going southwest, and I had hoped to see the Spanish peaks again, but a dull bank of clouds settled half-way down the mountain-slope and hid all from view; there was nothing except the green plains and streams running bank-full from recent rains; all was cool and green and damp. One might as well have been in Liverpool.

The next day was passed in Pueblo; full of new brick blocks and bustle and Kansas fellows, and not only white Kansans but black ones. In every town in my travels I was accosted by some colored brother whom I had known in Kansas; and they were among the most active and wide-awake of the population.

The "Old Mortality" of Pueblo is our old friend "Bona" Hensel, who erstwhile made the sparks fly "like chaff from a threshing-floor," in the blacksmith shop at Seneca, but who for many years has beaten the newspaper drum in Kansas and Colorado. "Bona" and Mrs. Bona, who, by the way, has studied hard under a good master and has become an artist of celebrity, are living in Pueblo, having built half a dozen towns, and risen and fallen with as many mining booms in Colorado. Although it rained miserably all day, mine ancient philosopher and friend went the rounds and explained how Pueblo had everything and more, too, and was bound to be the great city of the mountains,

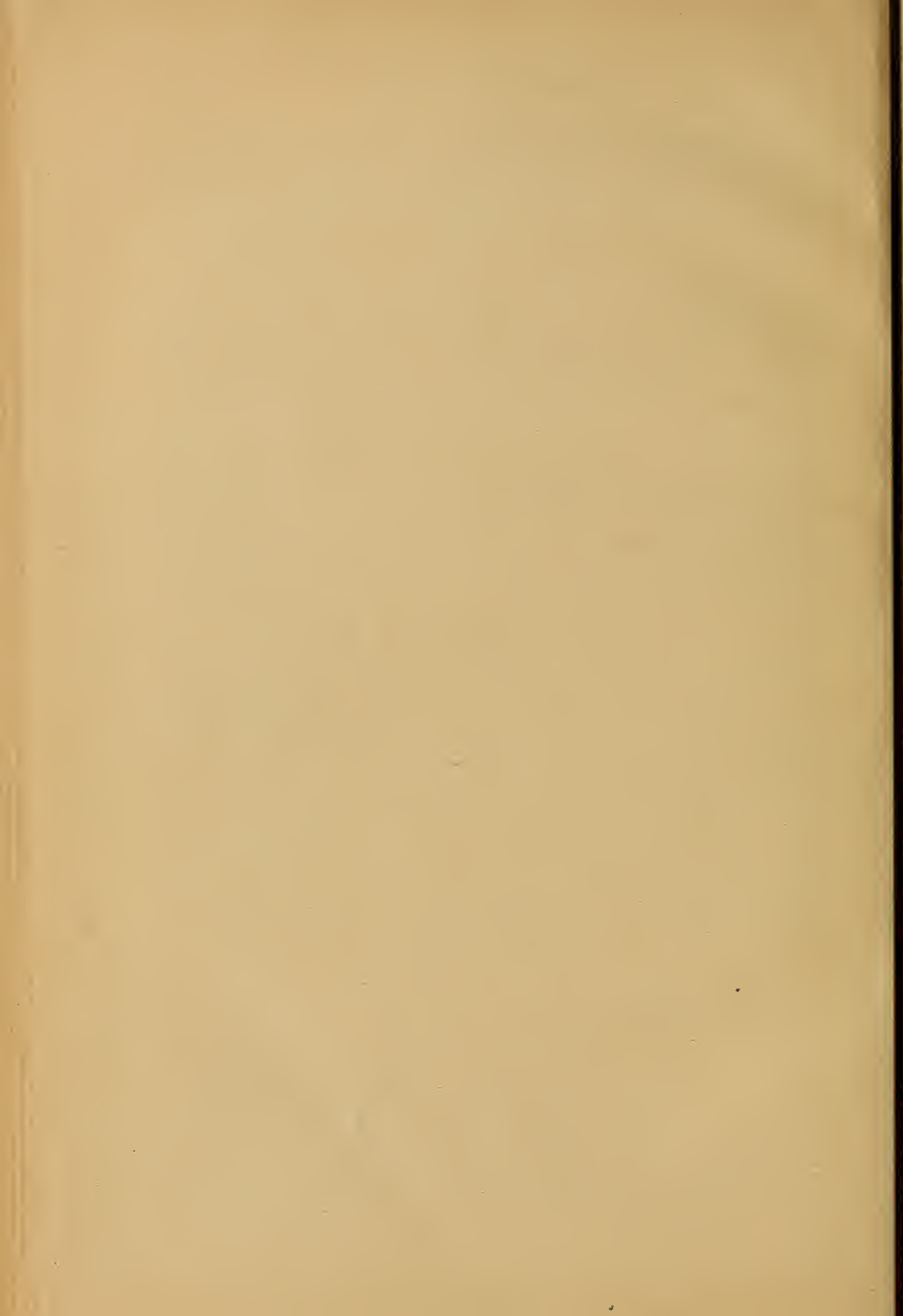
before which Denver would "pale her ineffectual fires." The most impressive sight in Pueblo is the steel works. Iron ore, coal and limestone are collected at Pueblo, and the result is first iron, then steel, then steel rails. If you have never seen steel made you should see the process at Pueblo or elsewhere. The molten iron is subjected to a blast in an immense holder, hung on bearings. If I supposed the readers of the *Champion* would understand me, I would say it was shaped like a keno urn—but to make the matter clear we will call it the nest of the oriole. From the mouth, under the strong blast, flash and fly such fireworks as never human pyrotechnist made. It is as if every wheat-head and straw from a threshing-machine was turned separately into golden fire, yet burning so as to preserve their individual form. When this fiery broth is cooked, the great converter is tipped easily on its side, the purified metal flows into great caldrons which run around a circular railway, and the metal is drawn off into moulds, whence come the blocks of steel known as "blooms," which are rolled into rails. There are twelve hundred swarthy men employed in these works, and their capacity is being doubled.

In the wet evening as the sun was sinking, the famous "Santa Fé" fast train, the "Cannon Ball," drew up at the Pueblo depot, a crowd having gathered to see the start. In a moment we were off, to make the journey from the mountains to the Missouri in less than twenty-four hours. Half of Colorado and the length of Kansas to be traversed between sunsets. At the great speed one would expect some jar, but so smooth is the track that none is perceptible, and you can only realize how fast you are going by seeing the telegraph poles whisk past. All night while we slept, the train was tearing across the plains; first one conductor and then another walked his rounds; the engineer and fireman gave place to others, and still we rushed on; over high embankments and through cuts and across bridges, and, always in peril, yet always safe because of watchful eyes and skillful hands and hearts of oak and nerves of iron. So the train kept on its swift and tireless way, and not a sleeping child or timid woman woke. The sun set, the stars rose from and sank into the plain, and the

day came again. With its coming I woke and looked out on a green prairie that stretched to the brightening sky. I did not know what stations we had passed, nor just where we were, but I saw a white school house facing the rising sun, and I knew it was Kansas.

It was hundreds of miles yet to Atchison, but what of it?—it was Kansas all the way. Villages and towns grew more frequent; wheat, oceans of it, showed dappled in the sun. The cars took on passengers at every stop; names and faces grew familiar; here was Larned, Hutchinson, Newton, and all. Three hundred miles of it, and all good. No more volcanic mountains, wrecked and splintered by fire; no more deserts, no more dark people speaking an unfamiliar tongue; no more cactus; no more yucca, with its fierce and bayonet-like leaves; no more goats, with their ragged and swarthy herdsman; no more sun-baked adobes; no more mournful old churches, with their harsh and jangling bells; but the newest country and the best—our own Kansas. And so, after three thousand miles of it, this wandering north and south, and east and west, seeing much that was interesting and strange, and new and instructive to the writer—and it is to be hoped not wholly without interest to the reader—there is nothing like that place of which some old dead-and-gone schoolman has written in a forgotten book:

“It is not doubted that men have a *home*, in that place where each one has established his hearth and the sum of his possessions and fortunes; whence he will not depart if nothing calls him away; whence, if he has departed, he seems to be a wanderer, and if he returns he ceases to wander.”



CAUTION.

THE undersigned wishes to caution all who may be tempted to purchase and peruse a copy of this book against doing so—for the following reasons:

1. You may be amused.
2. You may be interested.
3. You may be instructed.
4. You may be moved to move to Mexico—New or Old.
5. You may be discouraged from staying at home all your life.
6. You may find out where to go to get richer than anybody else.
7. You may be induced to take a ride over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad, which equals a journey one-eighth of the distance around the world.

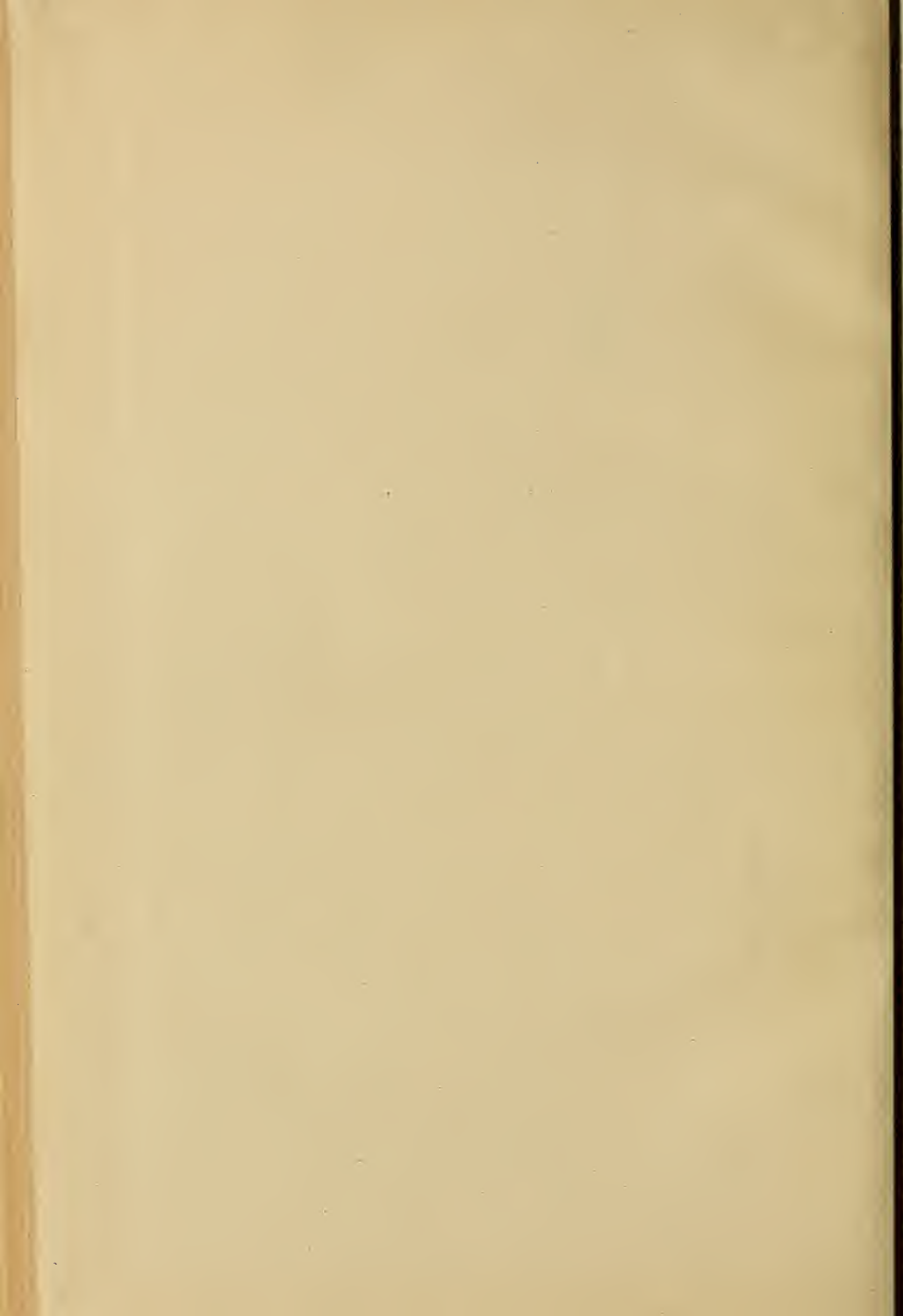
Any one of these catastrophes would be very bad, and so the advice is given not to buy this book.

W. F. WHITE,

Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent, Topeka, Kas.

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